

THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 235.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 2, 1851.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

EVERT A. & GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 109 NASSAU STREET

CONTENTS.

ANONYMOUS WRITING. THE ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND AMERICAN PRESS CONTRASTED.
OERSTED'S "SOUL IN NATURE."
MEMOIRS OF WORDSWORTH. Third Paper.
MR. MAYER'S HISTORICAL DISCOURSE.
THE NEW LIBRARY EDITION OF MILTON.
STUDIES OF THE SPANISH DRAMA, FROM THE FRENCH OF PHILARETE CHASLES XII.—Spanish taste in Europe—Shakespeare his foe—Armado and Pistol.
POETRY.—The Drum, from the German of Ruckert, by C. T. Brooks.
WHO WRITES A BOOK, THE AUTHOR OR THE PUBLISHER?
SKETCHES OF TANOGA.
DEATH OF TECUMSEH, communicated by H. R. Schoolcraft.
NOTICES OF MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES.—Hogarth, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT—FRANCE AND BELGIUM.
DEATH OF DELTA—DR. MOIR.
FRENCH TRIBUTES TO MEN OF GENIUS.
THE NEW CITY PARK.
FINE ARTS.—Ary Scheffer's Christus Remunerator.
MUSIC.—The Opera.
THE DRAMA.—Mr. Hackett's Falstaff.
VARIETIES.
PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.—Literary Intelligence.

ANONYMOUS WRITING.

THE ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND AMERICAN PRESS CONTRASTED.

THE Press, which has within a few years become the most universal and the most formidable of earthly influences, is as frequent a subject of discussion and examination as any one of the chief political topics affecting the relations of States and the intercourse of nations. Its rights, responsibilities, condition, and character, are defined and re-defined with the particularity of a treaty. Whether it leads public opinion or should follow? Whether it should deal most in fact or speculation? how far it may comment on the individual or general events of the day? What are its privileges of denunciation and discussion?—and whether its conductors should be known or unknown? are among the questions oftenest propounded, in regard to this great organ of the modern world.

With regard to the last inquiry—which is in fact the key and controller of most of the others—three usages prevail in three different countries—and these the three principal civilized Powers of our age.

In England the anonymous in the daily Journals is strictly observed—even to the withholding of the name of the proprietor: as is shown in the leading publication of the kind, the *Times*, where only the printing office is mentioned with the name of the printer. Against this gentleman, accordingly, we observe that all suits at law affecting the *Times* newspaper are brought. A curious illustration of the strictness of this concealment or incognito, is furnished in a recent number, in which a communication appears from Mr. Walter, member of Parliament for Nottingham, and who is understood to be the chief share-holder in that Journal, addressed to the editor, as if Mr. Walter were in nowise concerned in its management. The result of this policy is that everything which appears in its columns tells for the newspaper—as a Property and public organ—in itself irrespective of individuals. The contributors in this state of

things acquire nothing but their pay, while the journal waxes strong upon their labors. The general character of the newspaper is, therefore, sought to be sustained: at all cost and sacrifice.

In America the usage differs in one degree. The chief proprietor or conductor presents his name to the public; and accordingly, in all the articles which appear, it is he that is supposed to be speaking—to him all the speculation, criticism, and comment on affairs are ascribed. He is, in fact, to the public view, the Journal: and the degree of confidence reposed in the publication rests, in a great measure, on the view the public may take of his character, and their regard therefor. A sense of justice to subscribers and the community, however, prompts a general treatment of topics as they arise: although it cannot be denied that the principal man cannot avoid having a pretty constant eye to the light in which he shall stand, and the manner in which his individual interests will be affected by the conduct of the journal. In this American state of things, the contributors are silently absorbed, and the editor acquires all the power and credit of the publication. This, it will be observed, is a degree more individual than the English press.

In France, where everything seems to conspire to the advantage of the individual writer, the conduct of the public journals is still more special. For a long period individual journalists have, in France, enjoyed a special eminence, and have been separately known in connexion with this or that organ. It is not the *Constitutionnel*, the *Debats*, or the *Conseiller* that speaks, but Girardin, Hugo, Lamartine, or Janin. This scope being allowed to contributors, the style of French journalism is more marked and brilliant; and while the readers are, perhaps, as well entertained, the general literature of the country is encouraged. The specialties of men of genius are not razed to the requirements of a level or uniform tone; and the public have the free-spoken speculations of the ablest men, as they arise, without compromise or diminution. In this way, it would appear as if the community would secure the services of the best intellects, and have the widest benefit, derivable from its own intelligence, at the highest point of cultivation. Of the encouragement thus extended to writers, it is scarcely necessary to speak. And strangely enough, as if it was in the under-current of destiny, that whatever occurs in France shall enure to the advancement of the literary class, a law is now enacted requiring each newspaper writer to sign his articles: the very thing the author should most desire in furtherance of his own interests: raising him, as it does, from the sphere of a subordinate to that of a principal. In point of character the public are no losers; for they soon learn to discriminate, as in mercantile finance, the good paper from the bad, and allow to the writer, in the nature of capital for future use and maintenance, the credit he has acquired in one journal when his services are removed to another, or employed in any other literary engagement.

Considering the many wrongs and injuries inflicted under cover of the anonymous, as in the English press: the monopolist character of the exclusive editorial claim, as in the American, which has neither the dignity of the English nor the speciality of the French: and obedient to the convictions which have always governed us, in upholding the interests of authorship and literature, we are inclined to believe that the French method is the most manly and honorable, and secures to the public the best services in the fairest way. C. M.

LITERATURE.

OERSTED—"THE SOUL IN NATURE."

HANS CHRISTIAN OERSTED, the author of the present work, died, very recently, amid the regrets of his admiring countrymen, the Danes, and left behind him among his other valuable productions, the above philosophical treatise or rather collection of interlocutory essays and lectures, all tending to the same end and illustration, the "soul in nature."—It is undeniable that the highest strivings after the beautiful lie in the sublimities of philosophy; and the mind that seeks in the mere externalities of life and nature a solace for its language in this sphere, must needs feel the barrenness of the pursuit. The education of our race, the Anglo-Saxon, has always partaken too much of this latter tendency; and its characteristic, contrasted with that of the Teutonic race, has been externality. We raise up the beautiful out of the mere visible elements of nature. We look for melody and harmony in the mere mechanism of her tunes, without the infusion of the mental idea, or the activity of an all-pervading soul.

This is the leading aim of Oersted in the work before us; he seeks a mind in the history, progress, and developments of nature; he imparts to her seemingly unintellectual passiveness, a mental scheme of eternal continuity; and through this unconscious but mental being of nature, he conveys the idea of a soul, existent in all its relations, somewhat analogous to that ascribed to man.

Of course the idea is a crude one, and vague in its absolute meaning: because all human philosophy is but the striving of the finite after the infinite; and the attempt to reach any given point of infinity must prove futile, and end in a mere imaginative production. In placing a soul among nature's endowments, our author discards Idealism, and approaches so nearly within reach of her domain, as to show the contrast between an idealistic fancy and his own.

The order, harmony, and design of nature, throughout the whole history of her development, are generally the result of man's own mental activity; they are conclusions which the human mind has arrived at, and, in an Idealistic sense, were man's being not brought into the question, the grand results of nature's history would not exist. No

* *Der Geist in der Natur.* Von Hans Christian Oersted. München, 1850. Pp. 336.
The Soul in Nature. By Hans Christian Oersted. Munich.

mental scheme, no soul in nature's works would form the characteristic of the universe. In his conflict with this idea, Oersted stands in opposition to the Idealistic philosophy. The soul of nature survives the decay of past time in the same sense and analogy that the soul of man exists after the dissolution of its corporeal tenement. The whole plan of this thought is an imperfect one, but the philosophy is intensely beautiful, and leads all reflection from the outward world into the interior one. In the Idealistic scheme man is placed in the position of the counterpart to nature, and as he thinks, so nature must be—but in the scheme of our author, man is but an integral part of nature, one of the elements of the whole creation, and his mental and psychological attributes keep pace with the rest. According to our simple and unlearned philosophy, the past history of nature, her modes of being and action, her tendencies and law, are the mere conclusions of human thought; but according to the views embraced in the "Soul in Nature," there would still be the same mental progression; the same designs and meaning of the external world would continue, the unconscious existence of mind, after the total wreck of all human organism. To give a clearer meaning to this, we must refer to passages in the colloquy which opens the work, entitled the Spiritual in the Corporeal (meaning the material); intended originally as an æsthetic dialogue, but afterwards incorporated in the present treatise:—

"*Sophia*. Under the impression that the intelligence drawn from the revelations of nature was infallible, but that ours was not, I should have concluded that we ought rather to say, our reason corresponds with that of nature, than that the voice of nature answers to that of our own reason.

"*Alfred*. Each of these expressions of thought can find an application in its own appropriate place—according as we start either from ourselves or from external nature; and there are more expressions applicable to the same idea, as for example: Nature's laws are the thoughts of nature.

"*Sophia*. Then these thoughts of nature are the thoughts of God.

"*Alfred*. Assuredly. But important as the expression is, I pray you dispense with it, until we find that our investigations, by conducting us into a full view of nature, have also led us to a full view of God. We shall then, by a quite different and far more perfect consciousness, feel justified in designating nature's thoughts God's thoughts.

"*Sophia*. I shall be glad to do so, as I feel very sensibly aware of the distance we have to the goal. But let me ask, have these thoughts of nature a mutual connexion, as ours have?

"*Alfred*. You have introduced a main question, and we have to pass through a series of considerations in order to give the answer to your query a significant meaning.

"*Sophia*. Then you assent to my suggestion?

"*Alfred*. I must, if I acknowledge that nature is a whole and not a piece work. The first step in our investigation will be to convince ourselves that the laws of nature, which regulate all things, even in the operation of each minute part, embrace within themselves not only a variety, but also a unity, a uniformity, a whole."

The dialogue then proceeds to give analytically, a minute description of a waterfall, illustrating thereby an idea of nature, possessing unity, but consisting of many distinct parts; a complex thought composed of simple ones. He concludes this initiatory topic of the work by the enlightened reflection,

that each distinct part of nature is the member of the unity of separate parts; and that, again, is but a member of a still larger whole; and so onward to infinity. The same principle is applied to all those thoughts of which they are the realization. The totality of existence is the work and revelation of the living omniscient intelligence. "This earth is but a member of our system of suns, with which it is combined: and with which it stands in perpetual connexion. The conception of an earth is, therefore, involved in that of a system of suns, but in a similar way, this must be regarded as a member of another system, pointed out to our view as the 'Milky Way.' And this system, again, is the member of a yet higher and more magnificent group of worlds." The reflections on this subject are concluded by ascribing the correspondence of thought in the progress and manifestations of nature with those of the living soul, to the fact of the inseparability of the spiritual from the corporeal in all the operations of the Creator's thoughts.

To a neglect of the study of nature, Oersted ascribes the existence and prevalence of much of the superstitious feeling that has characterized human belief in all ages:—

"In superstition we find the tendency of the mind is, to assume what is beyond the limit and order of nature; inasmuch as nature is the fixed and continued work of infinite reason (Ewigen vernunft), superstition must tend towards that which is opposed to reason, and consequently, towards an offspring of imagination which has arrogated to itself the name of belief."

Upon the similarity or unity of mind pervading the universe of worlds (Die wesens gleichheit des Erkenntnis vermögens) our author expatiates very largely, and finds much scope for amplification on this interesting subject. This study, in its vastness, calls into play the highest powers of human thought.

Few writers can grasp it and treat it more successfully and more convincingly in its speculative results than our author has done. Certain mathematical laws teach us the movements, the courses, the times of coming and going of the innumerable worlds around us, and visible to human observation. All those worlds perform their revolutions both upon their axes and around their centres of attraction: laws long since derived from astronomical investigations and deemed positive as regards their truth.

The laws of light and heat are also universal, affect, govern, and influence all those moving spheres beyond us. If our earth and its inhabitants are the product of certain natural and mathematical laws, which we must conclude are universal, the inference is that all the organized creation of thought and consciousness must possess a conformation similar to our own, because similar intellectual conformation is the result of general, unchangeable, and eternal natural laws.

In all the workings of nature, we are made sensible of the existence of mind (vernunft, for which term, in the sense here required, there is no corresponding word in our language), which is distinct from mere corporeality, which is universal as nature herself, and must possess a similar formative principle, exercised upon the whole animate and inanimate universe:

"In order not to lose ourselves in too great a generalization of this subject, let us direct our

attention to a certain distant sphere, and we shall perceive that the views we have taken will assume the form of a more universal intelligibility.

"Let us conjecture ourselves placed upon the planet Jupiter. There we observe the changes of day and night; we pass through the seasons of the year, as upon our own earth, only that they differ from ours in duration and proportion.

"All these changes arise there, as well as here, from the revolutions of the heavenly body around its axis, and around the sun. These respective movements, however, are governed by the same simple laws which we have discovered upon our own sphere, and made applicable to the universe.

"There, too, we shall observe moons, regulated by the same laws as ours, and we shall be able to embrace these phenomena under that same mental intelligence by which we here comprehend them. Next, let us suppose another being placed here, differing entirely from ourselves, except in the one particular, that he becomes the conscious recipient of nature's impressions. Upon such a being, her phenomena would probably exert a different influence; in proportion, however, as he perceives her laws, his comprehensive faculties must harmonize with them, and consequently with ours.

"If this harmony should not take place between his own mind and nature's laws, then he would not be a rationally intelligent being, bearing the impress of absolute truth, but the reverse of this. An offspring of our imagination, as little consistent with our ideas of the human understanding as it would be to suppose certain powers of seeing in the blind, a supposition rejected in its inception.

"In turning our attention to the inhabitants of Jupiter, we must acknowledge that they can compute the movements of the sun, moon, and stars, and of the great time-piece of the universe by no other method or laws than those known to ourselves, nor comprehend them by any medium opposite to ours. They must necessarily find on the surface of their own planet the same regulations in nature which their contemplations of the heavens have disclosed to them."

After discussing the relative size of the planet Jupiter, the laws of gravity, their variation from those of our own earth, and the influence of these laws, existent not only in that planet, but throughout the universe, upon all living beings of other worlds, in the formation of mind, he passes to the highly engaging topic of light:

"As the impressions of color upon us, caused by the vibrations of æther, differ in their celerity, it may be inferred that the world of color acts in a different manner upon other beings. Yet should there be a want of resemblance here, this important coincidence would still be found to exist; that this unequal celerity of vibration must produce as many unequal impressions within the limits as existed to this sense, when in its utmost perfection. The perception of color may be less circumscribed among other beings than among ourselves. Of all the colors which our seeing faculties furnish us, red is that which is generated by the slowest quiverings of æther; violet by the quickest; the latter, however, does not reach twice the celerity of the former. The extremes in the proportion of vibration lie between one and two, even to the most sensitive human eye. We stand in the same relation to color that a being would to sound, whose sense of it were confined within the limits of a single octave. A being, the capacities of whose senses extended to as many octaves of light as ours extend to those of tone, would find access to knowledge and feelings to a far greater extent than we possess. At the same time, an unequal sensitiveness of light, dis-

similar in its power, produces very different results. Let us again refer to Jupiter. This planet contains twenty-five times less light to the square inch than ours. A clouded atmosphere may probably diminish still more the illumination of objects there. We may, then, justly suppose its inhabitants to have a finer perception of light than we possess, to bring surrounding objects within their cognisance. This higher grade of perception, in regard to light, will avail them greatly in the contemplation of the heavens.

"Their atmosphere being but a little less transparent than ours, their starry canopy will shine forth with much more richness and brilliancy, and their contemplations will be followed by more enlarged views of the universe. That planet performs two revolutions to our one; and, in consequence of this, their impressions of the apparent revolutions of the heavens will follow in quicker succession, which in itself will be a matter of some influence. The more rapid change of day and night must necessarily be accompanied by the corresponding changes of activity and rest, and these again by a more ready and lively susceptibility, as well as by a quicker oblivion of outward impressions. As the orbit of Jupiter embraces a much larger portion of space, its inhabitants can obtain a more extended view of the construction of worlds, and can more easily form those calculations, upon which are based the distance of the fixed stars."

Having very amply discussed the question of light and sound, and considered it in all its bearings upon the intellectual formation of man in other spheres, he passes to the laws of chemistry and electricity, heat and cold, and their important action upon the whole animated creation. The sum of the whole theory, then, discloses to us that all the planets have been called into existence by the same laws as ours, man being the last and greatest production of all development, so the conscious beings of other worlds must be the result of their development; and if we are all created through the same laws, there must be a fundamental similarity prevailing throughout. To avoid the imputation of materialism, which a reference to the development theory is apt to incur, he says:

"I here give expression to an undeniable fact in regard to man, without entering into the depths of that profound inquiry, how the corporeal and spiritual are connected. To avoid all appearance of materialism, I would have you bear in mind that the same Nature, whose production may, and outwardly is, must, on the other hand, be acknowledged as the production of an eternal spirit, and that, therefore, the claims of nature to her rights can never supersede those of our soul, with regard to a Divine origin.

"In other words, the idea of the universe is imperfect, unless we assume it to be the ever-progressing work of an omnipotent and eternal spirit. The grand creative principle without it, is the spiritual.

"All materiality is the production of the spiritual, and would cease if the existence of the latter could cease.

"Beings are scattered throughout the universe, gifted with intelligence, and for the purpose of comprehending the light of Divinity. To these beings God reveals himself by means of a surrounding world; awakens his dormant reason through the agency of that reasoning intelligence (*vernunft*) which exists in all things that make an impression upon him; allows them deeper views into all corporeality, in proportion to the awakening of the spiritual principle within them; so that they discover themselves to be subject to a ceaseless and active

development, which, having arrived at a certain point, removes the delusion, that all visible matter is the groundwork of their existence, and leads them to regard themselves, both in body and spirit, as common members of a great and eternal organized intelligence."—(*Vernunft organismus*.)

Man's moral, æsthetic, and religious nature forms the next subject for the application of his theory of the identity of a reasoning intelligence throughout the universe. In this, as well as in the preceding division of the work, the grand design is never lost sight of; that in all the moral and intellectual operations of the animated universe, a united result is taking place.

It is not easy to foresee what this combination may eventually produce; or, could we dive into the unknown abysses of spiritualism, here this united tendency of mind and rational intelligence throughout all other worlds, would act upon the universal progress of mind and thought, and the exaltation and refinement of our moral nature.

The idea may spring from the inflated fancy of philosophy; yet, if we ever arrive at the actuality of that psychological doctrine, which is striving to gain what it has not yet reached,—the attributes and appellation of science,—the speculations of Oersted, in a congeniality of worlds, may no longer be deemed imaginative, and their importance will be seized upon by all thinking minds. If we even accept his conjectures for what they are worth, a new field of thought is laid open to us, by dwelling in imagination upon the different phases of man's being and essence, as the occupant of other spheres; and how his perceptions, feelings, and intelligence may vary from ours, by the different circumstances of his position in the scale of time, and the laws and movements of that nature of which he is the product. Laying aside, as visionary, the supposed spiritual reaction of other worlds upon us, we may reasonably place this among our dreams of the future, that man's actual knowledge will be augmented by unknown mental combinations, from communication with other worlds, and that this knowledge by such a new accession, will continue to extend its powers into the region of infinity. In the past history of mind, the conspicuous truth presents itself, that out of the darkest shades of chaos, realms of intelligence, beauty, and knowledge have sprung forth; where it was thought and asserted that nothing could exist for human investigation to alight upon, there the images of purest thought and complex science have been called forth. By a process of reasoning and calculation, not dreamed of a few centuries ago, we now possess an almost positive knowledge of the occupancy of other spheres; how much higher in this scale of reasoning, may not the mind arrive a few centuries hence!

So rich with genial thought are his reflections on this head, that we must demand a little more space for a final quotation from our author:

"Let us then hope that, while upon this earth, our ideas and knowledge shall gradually unfold themselves into a full and clear perception of the things of other worlds, exerting an influence upon our spiritual existence here, by its communings with the universe of mind. Presuming that this intercourse may be a natural one, we find in it the groundwork of that vague conjecture, that in some future period each member of the universe may, through the me-

dium of a spiritual intelligence, comprehend the other; and thus, consequently, each individual world may, in a mental sense, grasp the whole; that every one shall contain a knowledge of the wisdom, faith, and worship of the other; that the totality of created existence, proceeding in its origin and government from an omnipotent intelligence and forming the realm of mind (*vernunftreich*), will finally be blended into a community of thought and feeling; a stage of intellectual development which all, on our part, are very far from having reached, but may possibly be attained in the remote periods of human existence."

J. H.

MEMOIRS OF WORDSWORTH.*

THIRD PAPER.

In the concluding volume of the Wordsworth Memoirs—a book which is probably alone by itself in literary history for the fulness and clearness of its view of the processes of a first rate poetic mind, there is a chapter of Personal Reminiscences by the Hon. Mr. Justice Coleridge, the nephew of the distinguished poet. They are simple, candid, unaffected; appreciative without the least trace of Boswellism,—a just and manly tribute which Wordsworth himself, so fastidious in his reverence for character, would approve of. In this respect these two volumes are remarkable. There is a plain sincerity in them, a constant usefulness to the reader of the Poems, which implies much, for there is scarcely a line, certainly not an independent poem however brief, which is not a worthy study in its peculiar relations, either of personal philosophy, local habitude or disposition in the volume or the writer's life. Of this Poet, more than of most poets,

You must love him ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

And how is this to be obtained but by the culture of the school to which he belonged? Love is not founded on ignorance, but on knowledge. To the careless reader these poems will prove, as they have proved before to readers of much pretension, barren and indifferent. Coming from the false glare of what must usually be popular, in the inferior sense of the word, the eye is not at once toned down to their quiet but energetic beauties. To know Wordsworth you must be a lover of nature, a philosophic student of human life in its essential primary conditions, and you must have an ear for the refinements of the best composers of English verse. How wide of the mark was that by-gone fallacy that Wordsworth was a crude writer! In all the range of English literature no one has used the language with more laborious conscientiousness, finer tact, or more assured success. He knew "to build the lofty rhyme." In every portion of his work there is architectural proportion, harmonious gradation. His cadences and transitions are full of sound and feeling; musical to the ear and the soul. His single lines furnish a large stock of the poetical quotations. Now, notwithstanding the general simplicity of the design there is much elaborate texture in the pattern of the poems, taking all the volumes as one whole. A thought is modified or developed in different situations, as it threads its way along. To note these subtle conditions you must have the guide of the commentary in the Memoirs—in which you will never find yourself oppressed by any offi-

* Memoirs of William Wordsworth. By Christopher Wordsworth, &c. Ticknor, Reed and Fields.

ciousness (from which such productions rarely escape) but unobtrusively guided by some simple statement or literal, but most suggestive, sign-post line of fact. The *Memoirs* are a thoroughly valuable life. A book, indeed, written on its plan, of an inferior man would be a gross impertinence, but, containing the secret history of a great English mind, ranking immediately after Milton, it is conceived and executed in a true and successful method.

Mr. Justice Coleridge, Prof. Reed reminds us, is the contributor as well to the biography of his friend Dr. Arnold and the *Table-Talk* of his uncle, and the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, of whom Southey wrote promising from him in that journal a juster appreciation of America. The anecdotes of Wordsworth from his pen are all of genuine interest, bringing up the character of the poet in those peculiar lights in which his readers will always wish to regard him. These are some of the traits preserved by him:—

A WALK WITH WORDSWORTH.

"A walk with him in that country was a real treat: I never met with a man who seemed to know a country and the people so well, or to love them better, nor one who had such exquisite taste for rural scenery: he had evidently cultivated it with great care; he not only admired the beauties, but he could tell you what were the peculiar features in each scene, or what the incidents to which it owed its peculiar charm. He combined, beyond any man with whom I ever met, the unsophisticated poetic delight in the beauties of nature with a somewhat artistic skill in developing the sources and conditions of them. In examining the parts of a landscape he would be minute; and he dealt with shrubs, flower-beds, and lawns with the readiness of a practised landscape-gardener. His own little grounds afforded a beautiful specimen of his skill in this latter respect; and it was curious to see how he had imparted the same faculty in some measure to his gardener—James Dixon, I think, was his name. I found them together one morning in the little lawn by the mount. 'James and I,' said he, 'are in a puzzle here. The grass here has spots which offend the eye; and I told him we must cover them with soap-lees. "That," he says, "will make the green there darker than the rest." "Then," I said, "we must cover the whole." He objected: "That will not do with reference to the little lawn to which you pass from this." "Cover that," I said. To which he replied, "You will have an unpleasant contrast with the foliage surrounding it."'"

HIS CARE IN COMPOSITION.

"Beside this warm feeling and exquisite taste, which made him so delightful a guide, his favorite spots had a human interest engrafted on them,—some tradition, some incident, some connexion with his own poetry, or himself, or some dear friend. These he brought out in a striking way. Apart from these, he was well pleased to discourse on poetry or poets; and here appeared to me to be his principal scholarship. He was extremely well read in English poetry; and he would in his walk review a poem or a poet with admirable precision and fairness. He did not intrude his own poetry or himself, but he did not decline to talk about either; and he spoke of both simply, unobtrusively, and yet with a manly consciousness of their worth. It was clear he thought he had achieved a high place among poets: it had been the aim of his life, humanly speaking; and he had taken worthy pains to accomplish and prepare himself for the enterprise. He never would sacrifice anything he thought right on reflection, merely to secure present popularity, or avert criticism which he thought unfounded; but he was a severe critic

on himself, and would not leave a line or an expression with which he was dissatisfied until he had brought it to what he liked. He thought this due to the gift of poetry and the character of the poet. Carelessness in the finish of composition he seemed to look on almost as an offence. I remember well, that after speaking with love and delight of a very popular volume of poetry, he yet found great fault with the want of correctness and finish. Reciting one of the poems, and pointing out inaccuracies in it, he said, 'I like the volume so much, that, if I was the author, I think I should never rest till I had nearly rewritten it.' No doubt he carried this in his own case to excess, when he corrected so largely, in the decline of life, poems written in early manhood, under a state of feelings and powers which it was impossible to reproduce, and yet which was necessary, generally speaking, for successful alteration. I cannot but agree with many who think that on this account the earlier copies of his poems are more valuable than the later."

PERSONAL HISTORY OF HIS POEMS.

"My tour with him was very agreeable, and I wish I could preserve in my memory more of his conversation than I shall be able to do. I was anxious to get from him anecdotes of himself and my uncle, and of their works. He told me of himself, that his first verses were a Popian copy, written at school, on the 'Pleasure of Change'; then he wrote another on the 'Second Centenary of the School's Foundation'; that he had written these verses on the holidays, and on the return to school; that he was rather the poet of the school. The first verses from which he remembered to have received great pleasure, were Miss Carter's 'Poem on Spring,' a poem in the six-line stanza, which he was particularly fond of, and had composed much in, for example, 'Ruth.' He said there was some foundation in fact, however slight, for every poem he had written of a narrative kind; so slight indeed, sometimes, as hardly to deserve the name; for example, 'The Sonnambulist' was wholly built on the fact of a girl at Lyolph's Tower, being a sleep-walker; and 'The Water Lily,' on a ship bearing that name. 'Michael' was founded on the son of an old couple having become dissolute, and run away from his parents; and on an old shepherd having been seven years in building up a sheepfold in a solitary valley: 'The Brothers,' on a young shepherd, in his sleep, having fallen down a crag, his staff remaining suspended midway. Many incidents he seemed to have drawn from the narration of Mrs. Wordsworth, or his sister, 'Ellen,' for example, in 'The Excursion'; and they must have told their stories well, for he said his principle had been to give the oral part as nearly as he could in the very words of the speakers, where he narrated a real story, dropping, of course, all vulgarisms or provincialisms, and borrowing sometimes a Bible turn of expression: these former were mere accidents, not essential to the truth, in representing how the human heart and passions worked; and to give these last faithfully, was his object. If he was to have any name hereafter, his hope was on this, and he did think he had in some instances succeeded; that the sale of his poems increased among the classes below the middle; and he had had, constantly, statements made to him of the effect produced in reading 'Michael,' and other such of his poems. I added my testimony of being unable to read it aloud, without interruption from my own feelings. 'She was a phantom of delight,' he said was written on 'his dear wife,' of whom he spoke in the sweetest manner; a manner full of the warmest love and admiration, yet with delicacy and reserve."

The following is characteristic:—

"You could not walk with him a mile without seeing what a loving interest he took in the play and working of simple natures. As you

ascend Kirkstone from Paterdale, you have a bright stream leaping down from rock to rock, on your right, with here and there silent pools. One of Wordsworth's poor neighbors worked all the week over Kirkstone, I think in some mines; and returning on Saturday evenings, used to fish up this little stream. We met him with a string of small trout. W. offered to buy them, and bid him take them to the Mount. 'Nay,' said the man, 'I cannot sell them, Sir; the little children at home look for them for supper, and I can't disappoint them.' It was quite pleasant to see how the man's answer delighted the poet."

And not less so, though perhaps with inferior charity, this simple but powerful method of reducing a snobbish traveller:—

"As we walked, I was admiring the never-ceasing sound of water, so remarkable in this country. 'I was walking,' he said, 'on the mountains, with —, the Eastern traveller; it was after rain, and the torrents were full. I said, "I hope you like your companions—these bounding, joyous, foaming streams." "No," said the traveller, pompously, "I think they are not to be compared in delightful effect with the silent solitude of the Arabian Desert." My mountain blood was up. I quickly observed that he had boots and a stout great-coat on, and said, "I am sorry you don't like this; perhaps I can show you what will please you more." I strode away, and led him from crag to crag, hill to vale, and vale to hill, for about six hours; till I thought I should have had to bring him home, he was so tired."

At this season of hunting for the picturesque, the reader may be refreshed by this cool mountain view, not without its morals:

"October 14th, Foxhow.—We have had a delightful day to-day. The weather being fine, Wordsworth agreed to go with us into Easedale; so we got three ponies, for Mary and Madge, and Fred and Alley, alternately, and walked from Grassmere, he *trudging* before, with his green gauze shade over his eyes, and in his plaid jacket and waistcoat. First, he turned aside at a little farm-house, and took us into a swelling field, to look down on the tumbling stream which bounded it, and which we saw precipitated at a distance, in a broad white sheet, from the mountain. A beautiful water-break of the same stream was before us at our feet, and he noticed the connexion which it formed in the landscape with the distant water-fall. Then, as he mused for an instant, he said, 'I have often thought what a solemn thing it would be, if we could have brought to our mind, at once, all the scenes of distress and misery, which any spot, however beautiful and calm before us, has been witness to since the beginning. That water-break, with the glassy, quiet pool beneath it, that looks so lovely, and presents no images to the mind but of peace,—there, I remember, the only son of his father, a poor man, who lived yonder, was drowned. He missed him, came to search, and saw his body dead in the pool.' We pursued our way up the stream, not a very easy way for the horses, near to the water-fall before mentioned, and so gradually up to the Tarn. Oh, what a scene! The day one of the softest and brightest in autumn; the lights various; the mountains in the richest coloring, fern covering them with reddish gold in great part; here and there, trees in every variety of autumn foliage; and the rock itself of a kind of lilac tint; the outlines of the mountains very fine; the Tarn, which might almost be called a lake for size and abundance of water, with no culture, or trees, or habitation around it, here and there a great rock stretching into it like a promontory, and high mountains surrounding it on three sides, on two of them almost precipitate; on the fourth side, it is more open, and on this the stream, crossed by four great stepping-stones,

runs out of it, and descends into Grasmere vale and lake. He pointed out the precipitous mountain at the head of the Tarn, and told us an incident of his sister and himself coming from Langdale, which lies on the other side. He having for some reason parted, she encountered a fog, and was bewildered. At last, she sat down and waited; in a short time it began to clear; she could see that a valley was before her. In time, she saw the backs of cattle feeding, which emerged from the darkness, and at last the Tarn; and then found she had stopped providentially, and was sitting nearly on the edge of the precipice. Our return was somewhat more perilous for the riders than the ascent; but we accomplished it safely, and, in our return, turned into Butterlip How, a circular, soft, green hill, surrounded with oak trees, at the head of the Grasmere. It is about twenty acres, and belongs to a London banker, purchased, as I suppose, with a view to building on it. It is a lovely spot for a house, with delicious views of the lake and church, Easedale, Helm Crag, &c. I have seen no place, I think, on which I should so much like to build my retreat."

Of the later portions of the book the most interesting are the communications to the American editor, Professor Reed. Parts of them have already appeared in our columns in an article from Prof. R. shortly after the Poet's death. In one of the letters occurs an assertion of the just claims of an International Copyright, worth quoting at this time:—"It may be allowed me also to express a hope that such a law will be passed ere long by the American legislature, as will place English authors in general upon a better footing in America than at present they have obtained, and that the protection of copyright between the two countries will be reciprocal. The vast circulation of English works in America offers a temptation for hasty and incorrect printing; and that same vast circulation would, without adding to the price of each copy of an English work in a degree that could be grudged or thought injurious by any purchaser, allow an American remuneration, which might add considerably to the comforts of English authors, who may be in narrow circumstances, yet who at the same time may have written solely from honorable motives. Besides, Justice is the foundation on which both law and practice ought to rest."

In another letter to the same person is a passage which shows how far removed was Wordsworth's mind from any petty egotism:

A THOUGHT OF FAME.

"Your letters are naturally turned upon the impression which my poems have made, and the estimation they are held, or likely to be held, in, through the vast country to which you belong. I wish I could feel as lively as you do upon this subject, or even upon the general destiny of those works. Pray do not be long surprised at this declaration. There is a difference of more than the length of your life, I believe, between our ages. I am standing on the brink of that vast ocean I must sail so soon; I must speedily lose sight of the shore; and I could not once have conceived how little I now am troubled by the thought of how long or short a time they who remain on that shore may have sight of me. The other day I chanced to be looking over a MS. poem, belonging to the year 1803, though not actually composed till many years afterwards. It was suggested by visiting the neighborhood of Dumfries, in which Burns had resided, and where he died: it concluded thus:

"Sweet Mercy to the gates of heaven
This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavor,
And memory of earth's bitter leaven
Effaced for ever."

"Here the verses closed; but I instantly added, the other day,

"But why to him confine the prayer.
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
On the frail heart the purest share
With all that live?
The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive!"

"The more I reflect upon this last exclamation, the more I feel (and perhaps it may in some degree be the same with you) justified in attaching comparatively small importance to any literary monument that I may be enabled to leave behind. It is well, however, I am convinced, that men think otherwise in the earlier part of their lives; and why it is so, is a point I need not touch upon in writing to you."

We had marked other passages, but feel that we should close the book here.

Since writing the above we have received from the Philadelphia publishers* a new edition, in royal octavo, of the complete Poetical Works of Wordsworth also edited by Professor Reed. This edition includes the Prelude, now for the first time collected with the Poet's works. Thrown into the centre of the volume it seems to give new life to the whole. In spontaneous ease and happy facility it seems (though perhaps only as the newest of the Poems), the most natural and youthful of the many nobly filled pages of the book. To read it is a fascination. We move on with the voluntary numbers without pause, and wish thought and imagination could be thus perpetual. The language is pure, flowing, unstudied, save by those studies of genius which are instincts. There can be no finer school of the English tongue, as there can be no profounder guide, in the argument, to individual culture and well being.

An Orphic song indeed,
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts,
To their own music chanted!

The use of a one volume edition of Wordsworth is well known to the readers of his poems. They are so interwoven, so close a system of parts and relations, that they need to be seen as a whole. We turn from one to the other at different sections of the volume, greatly facilitated in thus tracing the connexion by Mr. Reed's unobtrusive but not the less desirable notes. He has also made this edition the most complete of any. It is fully indexed, with tables of first lines; the dates of the poems are given with the contents; many valuable illustrative notes are now added and several of the Poet's prose writings included, of which we should mention for its sound principle of taste—of which our American citizens hastening to the country life stand now much in need—the Description of the Country of the Lakes. Of the typographical excellence of the work we have the testimony of Wordsworth and the fastidious Rogers, given to a previous issue from the plates that it was "by far the handsomest specimen of print in double column which they had seen."

MR. MAYER'S HISTORICAL DISCOURSE.*

Is the celebrated "speech" of Logan the Indian Chief, handed down by Mr. Jefferson,

* The Complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate, &c. Edited by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Troutman and Hayes.
* Tah-Gah Jute; or, Logan and Captain Michael Cresap: a Discourse, by Brantz Mayer. Delivered in Baltimore, before the Maryland Historical Society, on sixteenth Anniversary, 9 May, 1851. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

and stereotyped as a specimen of Indian eloquence, there is a grave charge of cruelty against a Colonel Cresap as the wanton slayer of the orator's family and kindred. In his recent discourse before the Maryland Historical Society, Mr. Mayer has entered upon a minute investigation of the history of the times, and brought out in detail the characters of Logan and his alleged persecutors. The Indian chief turns out a passionate, drunken savage, passing through various scenes of personal revenge, and ending his career in a *melée* induced by himself, under the idea that, in a fit of intoxication, he had murdered his wife. Colonel Cresap, on the other hand, appears not only entirely disconnected with the attack on Logan's family, but becomes of interest as a well tried, courageous pioneer of the western civilization—a type of his class, and well worthy a chapter of the historical narrative of America. The history of the "speech," too, is somewhat of a curiosity. It was not spoken at all, but was a simple message, communicated in an interview with a single person, an emissary from the British camp, by whom it was reported on his return. This is the famous composition, and these are the circumstances connected with its delivery:—

"In the course of a bloody contest in 1774 with the Indian tribes, after the battle of Point Pleasant, the continued withdrawal of Logan unquestionably filled the mind of Lord Dunmore with concern as to the stability of any peace which might be made with the Shawanese without the presence of a man who had shown such alacrity and bloodthirsty resolution in the cruel game of private war.

"Accordingly John Gibson, the alleged father of the Indian woman's infant rescued at the Yellow Creek massacre, was despatched by the Earl to seek for Logan. If, as is probable, the murdered squaw was Logan's sister, no messenger could have been more appropriately selected. He found him some miles off at a hut with several Indians; and pretending, in the Indian fashion, that he had nothing in view, talked and drank with them until Logan touched his coat stealthily, and beckoning him out of the house, led him into a solitary thicket, where, sitting down on a log, he burst into tears, and uttered some sentences of impassioned eloquence, which Gibson—immediately returning to the British camp—committed to paper. As soon as the envoy had reduced the message to writing, it was read aloud in the council; heard by the soldiers; and proves to be neither a speech, a message, nor a pledge of peace:

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not? During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his camp, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed, and said: 'Logan is the friend of the white man!' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

"Thus the famous 'speech of Logan,' which has been so long celebrated as the finest specimen

of Indian eloquence, dwindles into a reported conversation with or message from a cruel and blood-stained savage; excited, perhaps, when he delivered it as well by the cruelties he had committed as by liquor; false in its allegations as to Cresap; and at last, after being conveyed to a camp about six miles distant, in the memory of an Indian trader, written down, and read by proxy to the council of Lord Dunmore! Gibson, it is true, states in his testimony that he corrected Logan on the spot when he made the charge against Cresap, for he knew his innocence, but either the Indian did not withdraw it, or the messenger felt himself compelled to deliver it as originally framed. When it was read in camp, the pioneer soldiers knew it to be false as to Michael Cresap; but it only produced a laugh in the crowd, which displeased the Maryland Captain. George Rogers Clark, who was near, exclaimed, that 'he must be a very great man, as the Indians palmed everything that happened on his shoulders!' The Captain smiled and replied, that 'he had a great inclination to tomahawk Greathouse for the murder!'"

The speech was soon published in the periodical papers, and taken down by Jefferson in his pocket-book, was used by him many years afterwards, in the composition of his *Notes on Virginia*. It has since taken its place in school books of oratory. Campbell adopted its spirit in his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, substituting Brant for Cresap,

"Against Brant himself I went to battle forth :—
Accursed Brant! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth!
No!—not the dog that watched my household
hearth
Escaped that night of death upon our plains!
All perished—I, alone, am left on earth!
To whom nor relative, nor blood remains,—
NO! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!"

and perpetuating a fresh instance of poetical injustice. "In his notes, Campbell repeats the old Logan and Cresap story, as usual; but, in later editions of his work, retracts his errors against Brant. Brant's son, when in London, pointed out to the poet the slanders and injustice of his stanzas; nevertheless, he left them to posterity in the text of his poem, though he qualified them in the notes. 'The name of Brant, therefore,' says Campbell, 'remains in my poem a pure and declared character of fiction.' Yet, a thousand persons read the poem, while one only will peruse the anodite in the notes! The fame of that dishonored Indian will descend to posterity with the taint of crime imputed by the poet, as the name of Cresap is disgraced from age to age by a mendacious morsel of Indian eloquence!"

The lives of the Cresaps, father and son, are related by Mr. Mayer with particularity. Indeed, his address is a curious and valuable monograph of border history. Captain Michael Cresap took part also in the war of the Revolution, joining Washington at Boston on the commencement of the war. A muster of his forces at Fredericktown, Maryland, in 1775, is a quaint picture of the resources of the times. It is given in a contemporary letter, published in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*:

RIFLE SHOTS.

"Notwithstanding the urgency of my business, I have been detained three days in this place by an occurrence truly agreeable. I have had the happiness of seeing Captain Michael Cresap marching at the head of a formidable company of upwards of one hundred and thirty men from the mountains and backwoods, painted like Indians, armed with tomahawks and rifles, dressed in hunting shirts and moccasins, and though some of them had travelled near

eight hundred miles, from the banks of the Ohio, they seemed to walk light and easy, and not with less spirit than at the first hour of their march. Health and vigor, after what they had undergone, declared them to be intimate with hardship, and familiar with danger. Joy and satisfaction were visible in the crowd that met them. Had Lord North been present, and been assured that the brave leader could raise thousands of such like to defend his country, what think you, would not the hatchet and the block have intruded on his mind? I had an opportunity of attending the Captain during his stay in town, and watched the behavior of his men, and the manner in which he treated them; for it seems that all who go out to war under him do not only pay the most willing obedience to him as their commander, but in every instance of distress look up to him as their friend and father. A great part of his time was spent in listening to, and relieving their wants, without any apparent sense of fatigue and trouble. When complaints were before him, he determined with kindness and spirit, and on every occasion condescended to please, without losing his dignity.

"Yesterday the company were supplied with a small quantity of powder from the magazine, which wanted airing, and was not in good order for rifles; in the evening, however, they were drawn out to show the gentlemen of the town their dexterity at shooting. A clapboard, with a mark the size of a dollar, was put up; they began to fire off-hand, and the bystanders were surprised, few shots being made that were not close to or in the paper. When they had shot for a time in this way, some lay on their backs, some on their breast or side, others ran twenty or thirty steps, and firing, appeared to be equally certain of the mark. With this performance the company were more than satisfied, when a young man took up the board in his hand, not by the end but by the side, and holding it up, his brother walked to the distance, and very coolly shot into the white; laying down his rifle, he took the board, and holding it as it was held before, the second brother shot as the first had done. By this exercise I was more astonished than pleased. But will you believe me when I tell you that one of the men took the board, and placing it between his legs, stood with his back to a tree, while another drove the centre!"

"What would a regular army of considerable strength in the forests of America do with one thousand of these men, who want nothing to preserve their health and courage but water from the spring, with a little parched corn, with what they may easily procure in hunting; and who, wrapped in their blankets, in the damp of night, would choose the shade of a tree for their covering, and the earth for their bed?"

THE NEW LIBRARY EDITION OF MILTON.*

MR. PICKERING makes good his claim to the title he has given himself, "Aldi discipulus Anglus," by every issue from his press. Confining his attention rather to reprints than to original works, he has in many instances done a service equivalent to that of the publisher from modern MS. by giving us, in the revival of many an old author, that which is "as good as new" in the sense of novelty, and a great deal better in the sense of worth. We refer especially to his reprints, often the first collected editions, of the old poets and dramatists. He has also done good service by putting forth works of wide classic fame, and which must necessarily be always in print in some shape, in more complete and elegant form than they

have hitherto appeared. His edition of Bacon, published many years since, is still, par excellence, the edition, but it is surpassed by the elegant volumes before us, which with the exception of Walton's Angler, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, is the finest issue of his celebrated press.

Most of the poets have been agreeable and successful prose writers, but no one has ever combined the highest grandeur of the two in the manner of John Milton. The statesman of his country in one of its grandest though most sorely tried periods of history, in his prose; he is also the statesman of the human race, if we may so speak, in his verse. To judge the man's full grandeur we must have him in his full proportions before us. We must have the wide and solid base as in this prose, as well as the sky-piercing plinth which rises upon it, to judge of this monument of the human mind for time and eternity.

We need not enlarge on Milton's prose. Though necessarily less known than his verse, it is absent probably from the libraries of few of our readers. The guise, however, in which these works have usually previously appeared, has been that of double column volumes, small in type and heavy in bulk, with the exception of the three duodecimo volumes in Mr. Bohn's excellent series, which although very neat and excellent for their price, can lay no claims to being an *édition de luxe*. Mr. Pickering gives us verse and prose; it is as pleasant to have them together as it is to see a large family under one homestead, in eight octavos of moderate bulk. The type is not only open and large, but is a fac simile of that used in books of the time of Milton, being, as we have verified by actual observation, very nearly that of the first edition of *Paradise Lost* in 1669. This type has been used heretofore in reprints of small works of the Elizabethan and later periods and in quaint modern imitations of the style of the time, as in the original edition of Lady Willoughby's *Diary*, but has never appeared in so large a reprint before. Besides this the paper has a yellowish hue and antique appearance, so that you might fancy it to have been made a century or two ago. These impart a vraisemblance, a keeping between the style and exterior, the mind and matter of the book, which is in good taste and most agreeable to book-lovers.

The chief peculiarity of the edition, however, is that it is an exact reprint throughout, verbatim and literatim, of the best editions of the various works, published from the author's copies, all the antique forms of orthography having been preserved. We have the works therefore in the exact form, and comma for comma, as the author presented them to the public. A fine portrait is also prefixed, a fac-simile of the engraving of Milton by Faithorne, prefixed to his *History of Britain* published in 1670, drawn from the original at the age of sixty-two, with a fac-simile of his autograph. A fac-simile is also given of the contract for the publication of *Paradise Lost*, from the original, formerly in Mr. Pickering's possession. A full and excellently-written *Life* by the Rev. John Mitford, marked by his usual learned discrimination, being the one prefixed to the "Aldine Edition" of Milton's poems, with large additions, occupies, with sundry genealogical tables and addenda, the greater part of the first volume; the remainder being filled by the *Minor Poems*, arranged in strict chro-

*The Works of John Milton, in Verse and Prose. Printed from the Original Editions. With a Life of the Author, by the Rev. John Mitford. 8 vols. 8vo. William Pickering, London; Charles C. Little and James Brown, Boston, United States. 1851.

nological order. The second volume contains *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, and the six following the *Prose Works*, including all those written in the Latin language.

These niceties of paper, type, and editorial supervision are doubtless, to some extent, matters of luxury; but if we have moderate means, may we not be luxurious in so choice a matter as our books? We are no bibliomaniacs, but we seriously believe that if the ultra-economic style of publishing, which was in vogue here a year or so ago, had been perpetuated, it would have done damage to the public respect to literature. Men then cared no more for a book after it was read than for yesterday's newspaper; and the consequence is, that many good books are now almost impossible to obtain, from having been published in the "cheap and nasty style" and era—having been worn out and destroyed for want of proper paper and binding. Things have bettered since then, but not to such an extent as not to afford us occasion of hearty gratulation on the appearance on our table of an edition of a great classic, in externals worthily corresponding to the intrinsic worth of its contents.

The names of Messrs. Little & Brown appear as joint publishers on the title-page of this edition, which they offer at a great reduction on the English price. We heartily trust that the greater portion of the copies printed may pass through their hands to the shelves of the public and private libraries of the country, and thus this system of the international publication, if we may so call it, of works of magnitude be encouraged and extended.

An edition of Shakspeare, printed verbatim from the first folio, in octavo volumes, to range with this edition of Milton, would be a great boon to the lovers of good books. A folio reprint, purporting to be page for page and letter for letter, was made some years ago, but is said to be full of inaccuracies. We trust that Mr. Pickering will at some future time act on our suggestion. The edition at the same time might be fully annotated by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, from whom Shakspeareanists have long looked for an edition, as the crowning effort of his labors for the Elizabethan Drama.

STUDIES OF THE SPANISH DRAMA, FROM THE FRENCH OF PHILARETE CHASLES.

XII.

Manner in which Spanish taste was extended through Europe—Shakspeare a sworn foe to Spanish Influence—Examples, ARMADO and PISTOL.

THE monarchy of Charles V., on which the sun never set, was regarded with stupefaction and envy by the nations of our hemisphere. The Spaniards had discovered a world, conquered the half of Europe, and held in their hands the destinies of all. It was impossible for this terrible national spirit of Spain not to have imitators.

This imitation, as is always the case, was at first a nuisance. Use is commenced by abuse.

This Castilian taste, this fracas of grand actions, accompanied by grand language, this exaggerated heroism penetrated into England in the time of Shakspeare, and showed itself in France in the time of Corneille. It was so profoundly allied to Spanish nationality, that it could not succeed elsewhere. It is a rare and hardy plant,

whose soil must not be changed. The greater number of foreign authors, who, led away by this apparent grandeur, have essayed its imitation, have merely embarrassed themselves in a ridiculous manner; the club of Hercules is a difficult weapon to wield. The great Corneille is the only one I know who, in the *Cid*, *les Horaces*, *Polyeucte*, *Rodogune* and *Nicomede*, has understood how to appropriate this heroic and sublime character to himself. Marlowe and Chapman, contemporaries of Shakspeare, have lavished, after the Spanish mode, sword thrusts, refined sentiments, sonorous words; Madame de Scudery and the celebrated La Calprenede marched afterwards down the same road; it is known what ineffaceable ridicule is attached to their attempts.

The court of Louis XIV., under the influence of this romantic fervor, shared in the enthusiasm and patient devotion with which Madame de Sevigné perused in the solitude of Les Rochers the quartos of the *Clelia*, and devoured the four thousand pages of which the *Artamenes* and the *Grand Cyrus* were composed. A caprice of this kind cannot last a long time; the French taste, always moderate and restrained, even in its caprices, is sure to temper such infatuation.

Boileau and Molière had only to show themselves. Their inexorable good sense, their brilliant reasoning chastised the *précieuses*, put to flight the heroes of romance, and taught us how absurd are the imitation of a foreign nationality, and the travelling in the footsteps of an extinct civilization. A nation which invests itself with the livery of another nation abjures all liberty of thought. Why should we servilely follow the outline of Shakspeare, we men of 1835, whom all the ideas of the 16th century have abandoned? Why copy the love-song of Anacreon, we who have far other work to do under the representative government, than to sleep among the roses like the old man of Cos and to sacrifice to Bacchus? Let all civilizations yield their own fruits; let the natural product of the soil replace the golden or growing grape which we have not the sun to ripen. Long enslaved to the Greeks, when Ronsard made us Pindarize, we paid dear for a too servile imitation of the ancients. We now seek among other nations for our models—it is an error. Let us study their spirit, not copy their forms. If there is in the society itself enough energy and soul for a literature to spring from its bosom, let the new Moses appear, strike the rock, and the stream will burst forth. But, in our hatred to classical servility, let us take care not to accept a Spanish, German, or English servility; and, if we love liberty, let us preserve liberty of thought and style.

Shakspeare saw this thoroughly; the men of genius condescend to have common sense, and genius is but a sublime common sense.

Shakspeare everywhere ridicules exaggeration. His dramas are filled with biting allusions to the emphasis of contemporary actors and authors. He loved truth, and he has bitterly rallied all that is opposed to the natural, especially the Spanish manners, which had been blended in so bizarre a manner with English manners. Like Cervantes and Molière he has protested against the ridiculous imitation of exotic manners. A thousand traces of this irony are to be found. A *Midsommer Night's Dream* is directed against the empty emphasis of fash-

ionable tragedies. Hamlet, in his advice to the players, sermonizes them at great length on the necessity of being faithful to nature, and speaking their speech gently.

In fine, Shakspeare has created two or three personages for no other object than to offer a parody of heroism, braggarts about the point of honor, emphatic in their discourse, prodigal in their flowers of rhetoric, talking continually of their good sword, and proposing themselves as models to the entire world; these gentlemen deserve to be spoken of. One is called Pistol, a boon companion of the youthful Henry V., while still Prince of Wales. Pistol, whom his comrades call Ancient Pistol, is an old trooper, who, from service in Italy, Spain, and Flanders, has composed himself an epic jargon of strange fashion. He assumes the classical after the style of Ronsard; he loves quotations, accumulates Greek and Latin words, talks of Erebus and Cocytus; and, after raising a great row at a tavern, allows himself to be put out like a feeble infant. Another specimen is Mr. Parolles, a personage of the comedy entitled "All's well that ends well." He is a babler, who does not allow the least respite to the ears of those about him, but whom the least word of disapprobation puts to flight. Finally, in the singular piece entitled "Love's Labor Lost," we see a grave cavalier make his appearance, Don Adriano de Armado, who offers the still more apparent caricature of the heroic pretensions, elegiac, chivalric, and sublime, which the Spanish genius sustains with éclat, and which Cervantes has made so merry with. Imagine an enormous, colossal warrior, banded in iron, surmounted by a floating plume, followed by a trailing sword, with leather buckler and a thick moustache, an athletic and muscular Don Quixote, a Lablache in armor. This noble signore is buried, and as if lost in contemplation of himself, in accordance with feudal custom he is escorted by a page. This little page, as attenuated as his master is massive, carries the gloves of Armado, and calls himself Verdelet. Don Armado seats himself heavily on three cushions.

Who would not recognise in these words the caricature of the pretentious heroism, tight-curbed ceremony, pedantic formality, which was the necessary result of a state of civilization in which the point of honor was the dominant principle? The human race is thus constituted. Our follies are the necessary lineage of our virtues.

In Spain, this was in the grand style, but was not ridiculous; the ridiculous resides in the false. Spain showed herself frank and open in the dignity of her manners. When at a later period our elegant sociability took upon itself the whole of this chivalric paraphernalia of the point of honor; when Great Britain with her commercial and political society borrowed it of us in her turn, it was a spectacle to make one die of laughter.

Corneille alone had caught the fire of Spanish inspiration. It sheds scarce a few feeble glimmers over those who imitate him; it bursts out into absurdity in the romance of Scudery. When Dryden, the Englishman, to please the licentious court of Charles II., in his turn, imitated Corneille; when brutal language and absurd situations were combined with extravagant emphasis in sentiment, this absurd repression merited the universal derision. In the pieces of Dryden, which occupied the English stage for thirty years, we see heroes

who with one back-handed stroke cut an army in twain; incomparable lovers who devoured through love the bleeding hearts of their mistresses; and Ottomans who discuss theology with more subtlety than the best casuists. The extremities to which Dryden condemns his characters—extremities borrowed clumsily from the Spanish chivalric sentiment—are the sublime of the ridiculous.

There was in England, in Dryden's time, a famous *mauvais sujet*, whose name will not be forgotten by history, and who was named Buckingham. The humorous view of the Spanish emphasis, so absurdly imitated by Dryden, the hubbub of this tragedy, all decoration, high-sounding phrases, and improbable incidents, struck him forcibly. He amused himself parodying it under the title of *The Rehearsal*. Dryden himself appears on the stage under the name of Mr. Bays; he is present at a rehearsal of his work, and exhibits his pride, his vanity, his compliments addressed to himself, and finally his persuasion, that the more absurd a drama the finer it is. This parody is a masterpiece of gaiety.

"You must know, this is the New way of writing and these hard things please forty times better than the Old, plain way. For, look you, sir, the grand design upon the stage is to keep the Auditors in suspense; for to guess presently at the Plot, and the Sense, tires 'em before the end of the first Act: now, here, every line surprises you, and brings in new matter. And then for Scenes, Clothes, and Dances, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us: And those are the things, you know, that are essential to a Play.

These words were written about the beginning of the eighteenth century, by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. See with what burlesque parody he rallies the chivalric outburst of love and honor which Dryden coarsely borrowed from Spain.

The actors repeat their parts before Bays and his friends. They commence.

Prince Volscius, one of the characters in Bays' piece, is busy in putting on his boots when the fair Amaryllys appears. The prince's heart is smitten; this thunderclap prevents him from continuing his operation. Amaryllys perceives the effect she has produced, and goes off laughing.

"Why does she laugh?" asks a gentleman who is present at the rehearsal. "Ah, why does she laugh?" responds the author. Yours is a fair and honest question, and I offer you my compliments on your sagacity. Hush! you are going to hear a most refined passage, to see a grand combat, an heroic combat between Love and Virtue; it's my finest passage. Hush! Silence!

Prince Volscius (while pulling on one of his boots), exclaims: My Legs, the emblem of my various Thought.

Bays.—Louder than that, more heroic, if you please.

Volscius.—My Legs, the emblem of my various Thought,

Show to what sad distraction I am brought— Sometimes, with stubborn Honor, like this Boot,

My Mind is guarded, and resolved to do't. Sometimes again, that very mind, by Love Disarmed, like this other Leg does prove, Shall I to Honor or to Love give way?

Go on, cries Honor; tender Love says nay: Honor, aloud, commands, pluck both Boots on!

But softer Love does whisper, put on none. What shall I do! What conduct shall I find

To lead me through this Twilight of my mind? For as bright Day with black approach of Night

Contending, make a doubtful, puzzling light; So does my Honor and my Love together Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

Prince Volscius goes off hobbling in pursuit of his fair one, one leg covered by a boot and one by a stocking; he thus ends the grand Spanish combat of love and honor.

Rendered ridiculous by Dryden, parodied by Buckingham, this combat is noble in Corneille, and sublime in the indigenous literature which gave it birth. After having been present at these bizarre transformations, let us return to the Spanish theatre, and see what influence it has exercised on us, and how Alarcon has contributed thereto.

THE DRUM.

From the German of Rückert.

Oh, the Drum—it rattles so loud!
When it calls me with its rattle
To the battle—to the battle,
Sounds that once so charmed my ear
I no longer now can hear:
They are all an empty hum
For the drum—

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!

At the door, with tearful eye,

Father—mother to me cry—

Father! mother! shut the door!

I can hear you now no more!

Ye might as well be dumb,

For the drum—

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!

At the corner of the street,

Where so oft we used to meet,

Stands my bride and cries, "Ah, woe!

My bridegroom, wilt thou go?"

Dearest bride, the hour is come,

For the drum—

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!

My brother in the fight

Bids a last—a long good night!

And the guns, with knell on knell,

Their tale of warning tell:

Yet my ear to that is numb,

For the drum—

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!

There's no such stirring sound

Is heard the wide world round

As the drum that, with its rattle,

Echoes Freedom's call to battle;

I fear no martyrdom

While the drum—

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!

C. T. B.

WHO WRITES A BOOK. THE AUTHOR OR THE PUBLISHER?

Messrs. Eds.:

I OBSERVE among the Literary World advertisements, the republication of one of the works of that thoughtful writer, the author of "Friends in Council." It is announced under the title of "Fruits of Leisure: or, Essays written during the Intervals of Business." I have not the English edition at hand, but the first part of this title sounds new to me, and I suspect (but am not prepared to assert) that it is an impertinent addition, made on this side of the sea: it sounds like the interpolation of a clap-net title, and if so, should be rebuked as an abuse, in the absence of International Copyright.

Yrs,

PHILO.

Our correspondent is right. While reviewing the book in the American edition,

we had the same doubt of the correctness of the title; but unable at the time to verify it, suffered the matter to pass without comment. We now call the publisher's attention to the error into which he has fallen, probably with the desire to get up a more attractive title, and certainly without due consideration of the impropriety of changing the author's name of his work. A publisher in these cases will always consult his own interest by leaving the composition of a book to the author of it, of which, it will be admitted, the title is a somewhat important part. The purchaser of a book is under the impression that he is buying the entire work of the author; if the publisher issues a selection, or makes any interpolation, he should (after settling the propriety or decorum of the course) in common honesty distinctly announce the changes which he has made.

SKETCHES OF TABOGA.

WE will thank the writer of "those Sketches" in the Literary World to point out our offence more specifically—to give us the title of the article, and the day of publication.—*Commercial Advertiser*, July 26.

The *Commercial Advertiser* is referred to the article on Taboga in its issue of June 20, which, on comparison with the article on Taboga in the "Literary World" of May 13, will be found a corrupted abstract of the latter. The altered article has since gone the round of the papers, but made its first appearance, so far as known by the writer, in the *Commercial Advertiser*, and was naturally supposed to have originated there.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

HON. L. BRADISH,

Pres. N. Y. Hist. Society.

WASHINGTON, May 5th, 1851.

SIR:—Popular opinion in the United States has, for many years, attributed the killing of Tecumseh to the late Col. Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky. The brave men whom that officer led in the attack of the Indians, fighting under the great Shawnee Captain, took a pleasure in permitting public rumor to place the honor of this feat on the brows of their commander. But the truth of history requires that the name of the real actor should now be told.

By a letter which I have recently received from the Hon. Orlando Brown, late Chief of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, dated Frankfort, 15th April last, it is shown that the veritable actor was Jacob H. Holeman of Kentucky, a private in Capt. Stuger's company of mounted volunteers. The event has thus been detailed to me by Mr. Holeman.

Stuger had himself been a veteran Indian fighter in the early wars of Kentucky, and perceiving that the woods they approached were favorable for an Indian ambuscade, warned his men in entering it to be on the look-out. The forest consisted of young beech trees, which put out their limbs horizontally, at five or six feet from the ground. Brush rose up nearly to meet them, so that the view was intercepted, and the action of cavalry impossible.

Col. Johnson determined to dismount three companies of his command, who tied their horses at the skirts of the wood, and leaving the other three mounted companies at the same point, as a reserve. His force consisted of mounted citizen volunteers,—

term by which is meant, men furnishing their own horses, who were, from their position, expert in every art of forest warfare, with man and beast. They were armed with a short rifle, of the kind called yagers. They had no swords.

Capt. Stuger's company was one of those dismounted, and entered the woods on foot. The Indians were so completely masked by the foliage, that the contest was one essentially of personal combats, both parties seeking the shelter of trees and coverts, and fighting according to the Indian mode, in very open order. Col. Johnson led his men, and was soon wounded in two places, and carried to the rear. Holeman and a companion were standing together, when they saw two Indians rush forwards, and in the act of firing. They themselves both fired instantly, and killed their men. His companion was also mortally wounded, and fell. Holeman ran up to the Indian he had shot, and took a pistol of curious workmanship out of his right hand, which lay extended, as if in the act of firing when he fell, and retaining it, carried it to his quarters after the close of the action.

When the battle was terminated, it was rumored that Tecumseh had been slain. Gen. Harrison and some British officers rode up to identify the body. Harrison recognised the chief by a peculiar tooth, which had turned blue, all the others retaining their whiteness. Holeman mentioned the circumstance of taking the pistol from that Indian's hand. He went immediately to his camp and brought it. The British officer (whose name he did not know) decided that it was one of a pair, formerly belonging to Gen. Brock, which that officer had presented to Tecumseh.

Tecumseh was armed with a handsomely made English fowling piece, and evidently had had his arm extended, in the act to fire, when the ball of his antagonist pierced him. His dress could not be distinguished from the other Indians, except by its comparative cleanness.

These particulars were narrated to me in the War Office, a few days ago, by Mr. Holeman himself, in presence of Gov. Ramsey of Minnesota, Capt. Eastman, U.S.A., Mr. Wise, Chief Clerk of the Indian Bureau, and several other gentlemen. We were impressed with the entire modesty of the narrator. Not a word was uttered in the vein of boasting, or in depreciating the merits of others, far less of his commander, Colonel Johnson. He had, in that action, three balls pass through his clothes; namely, one under his arm, and two through the skirts of his hunting shirt. He also received a ball in his cartridge box, in front, which was arrested by a ball in one of his cartridges. He fired sixteen balls in that action.

It affords me pleasure to add, that Mr. Holeman has been appointed Indian Agent for the Territory of Utah—a mark of respect due to his intelligence and worth.

Very respectfully,

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

NOTICES OF MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES. FROM LONDON JOURNALS.

HOGARTH, SMOLLETT, FIELDING.

THE first on the list of the fifth lecture was Hogarth, who in his pictures speaks popular parables as plain as "Goody Two-shoes," and with the most palpable moral. He addresses an unsophisticated public, and the

schoolmaster and scholars are alike simple. The gallows formed the point to the tale, for in Hogarth's days there were no squeamish doubts about capital punishment. The best method to be pursued with a thief was to hang him, and masters used to send their apprentices to witness an execution as a wholesome example. In the true spirit of his age Hogarth never pities his rogues. In his *Marriage à la Mode*, which Mr. Thackeray described with great minuteness, he ruthlessly destroys all the persons implicated in the story, to give effect to the several warnings—"Don't marry for rank;" "Don't frequent masquerades;" "Don't neglect your wife," and so on. The people exhibited were all "naughty," and "Bogie" carried them off.

The description of Hogarth's pictures, as accurate illustrations of the period in which they were painted, led to a digression on the great alterations which had since taken place in this metropolis—especially the metamorphosis of the old Tyburn, with its ghastly appurtenances, into the modern respectable Tyburnia. As for the painter himself, he was characterized as a thoroughgoing English citizen of the old school, with an intense hatred of French frogs, foreign singers, and—above all—foreign painters; and he considered it the result of a conspiracy when he was not looked upon as a great historical painter worthy to be compared with a Correggio. Hogarth's account of his journey to Gravesend was referred to in some detail, as giving an excellent notion of the rough amusements of the old citizens.

Smollett, whose mode of life he illustrated by an extract from his writings, Mr. Thackeray cited as the type of a sturdy Scot, fighting his way through difficulties, engaged in endless literary battles, and preserving a mind still undaunted after receiving the severest blows. At the same time he possessed a generous spirit of forgiveness, and could shake hands with an adversary after the severest fight, writing panegyrics on persons he had previously lampooned. His invention was not very great, but his perception was of the keenest, and this faculty had the widest field to exercise itself upon when the novelist had seen so much and had had so many queer acquaintances. His masterpiece was "Humphrey Clinker," which was the most laughable book ever written, and would make Englishmen grin for ages yet to come.

Fielding, the third of the series, Mr. Thackeray looked upon as a hero of his own novels, deeming him somewhat reflected in Tom Jones and Captain Booth. His wit was so great that when his brilliant predecessors were still remembered, elders who had been in their society declared that his conversation outshone theirs. So keen was his enjoyment of life that he rushed upon the feasts of the world like undergraduates to a college breakfast. His laugh was loud, and his appetite was healthy, and his vitality stuck to him to the last. He should not be drawn clad in a Roman toga, or any other ideal costume, but represented just as he was, with a claret-stained coat, and all the marks of good fellowship, with such additions as illness, care, and wine at last put upon him. With his many weaknesses Fielding had the noblest qualities. His love of truth and hatred of hypocrisy were excessive; in spite of his wild life he had the greatest respect for female innocence and childish tenderness; he could admire what

was noble; and if he had low tastes he had not a mean mind. His wit was vivid and detective, and it shone upon a rogue like the lantern of a policeman.

The heroes of Fielding's novels being so much a reflex of their creator, Mr. Thackeray deemed it worth while to range them according to their grades of moral excellence, and placed Joseph Andrews on the top of the list, Captain Booth as the second, and Tom Jones as the last. The first of these furnished a remarkable instance of the kindliness of Fielding's nature. With the hatred for Richardson, which was consistent, when he had been nurtured upon sack-posset, whereas his sentimental contemporary had lived upon tea, he had commenced "Joseph Andrews," as a burlesque upon "Pamela;" but presently he took a liking to the people he had created, and at last absolutely loved them. The comparison between Jones and Booth, as moral beings, resulted to the advantage of the latter, because he came forward to the reader as a penitent sinner, and the reader consented to pardon him for the sake of his wife, Amelia, one of the most charming personages ever depicted. Tom Jones, on the other hand, received too much of the plum-pudding of life, and was not contrite enough to merit the good fortune awarded him. But such discussions only serve to show the great art of the novelist, whose personages are so real that we can canvass their merits and defects as if they were composed of substantial flesh and blood.—*London Times*.

STERNE AND GOLDSMITH.

He began by sketching the facts of Sterne's life. He was the son of an officer in a marching regiment, who died from a wound in a duel—a rough, good fellow, who marched on till he met with the fatal goose who put a termination to his existence. Young Lawrence went to school at Halifax; to Jesus College, Cambridge; and ultimately got the living of Sutton, in Yorkshire.

Mr. Thackeray's first comments on his character were founded on his love affairs. He was found addressing the lady whom he married with the most sentimental passion. He spoke of her as a flower. But such a fountain as Mr. Sterne's love was not for one rose only. No. When years had passed over he wrote, in a letter to a friend, in dog-latin, and very sad dog-latin, that he wished his wife was dead. She "bored him," it would seem. And he wrote letters full of sentiment to "Eliza," his "dear child," and so on—a Mrs. Draper, the wife of an Indian official, much respected in that quarter of the globe; yet scarcely had she sailed from Dover, in 1767, than the worn-out old scamp was offering his heart to somebody else. Soon afterwards his cadaverous body was consigned to Pluto. To be sure there were signs of grace in his last letters—those to his daughter, his letters to whom usually breathed love and kindness.

It was always, the lecturer went on, a perilous case, that of a man who had to bring his inner life, his tears, his smiles, his hopes, his fears, before the public for money. Did he feign indignation? Did he assume? Did he pretend? Could he trust himself? Was he not tempted to cant? How much was true sensibility,—how much false? Where did the truth end and the lies begin? He (the lecturer) had some time before passed the evening with a French singer. This man, after singing for a long time, to

the pain of many of his hearers, *chansons* of a questionable character—sang a sentimental one. He did it charmingly; everybody was moved, and nobody more than the singer himself. Now, Sterne had something like that about him. He blubbered over his paper; he had a lucrative art of weeping; he utilized his anguish. Sterne often, Mr. Thackeray confessed, disgusted him. "He looks his reader in the face; he watches what effect he has on him; he seems to say, 'Do cry.'" Great humorists laughed naturally out of their great manly hearts, but this man never let his reader alone. Sterne was a great jester, not a great humorist. You could fancy you saw him laying down his carpet before beginning to perform on it.

For instance, let us look at his "Sentimental Journey." Did not he seem to go deliberately prepared to make matter of it all? He had no sooner landed than he began to make, as the actors say, "business." Could anybody believe *all* the sentiment genuine? He whimpered over a dead donkey, over which anybody (said Mr. Thackeray) may cry "who likes." That dead donkey was cooked in piquant sauce. In fact, the donkey had a fine funeral—an elegant hearse, the mourner with a white pocket-handkerchief, and all got up for purposes of scenic effect. That donkey had been used before. (Here he read the well known passage concerning it in "Tristram Shandy.") The critic (he resumed) who could not see in this description, sentiment, humor, and wit, must be hard to please. And the peasant life in the south was excellently described by him—a man of the keenest enjoyment and sensibility. But it was a painful fact that scarcely one page of Sterne was perfectly pure: there was a latent corruption in what he did; a taint of bad. You saw the satyr eyes glaring through the leaves. How different this from the pure sunny pages of one of his successors of to-day—a man for whose books one was grateful—the author of "David Copperfield."

With this allusion to Charles Dickens, which drew forth loud applause from the audience, the lecturer passed from Sterne to Goldsmith.

What a fortune had Goldsmith had in our history! To be the most beloved of English authors, what a lot was that! The pleasant, gentle, wandering minstrel—it was delightful to see how, through all his career, he affectionately turned his eyes to home. He peopled his books with the figures of home. The charm of his works was in the fact that they contained his character, his simple honest regrets, his love and sympathy. "Our love for him is half pity." Whom did he ever hurt? He bears no weapon but his harp; with that he passes into every palace and cottage, delights all ranks and classes.

Goldsmith, not less than Fielding, had the merit of preserving his cheerful goodness and love of truth through distress and difficulty. He was never so friendless but he could have a friend somewhere; if he had only his flute, he could delight the poor with that; was never so poor but he could spare something to a poorer; he could pawn his trousers to save his landlord from jail. He certainly endured great distress and pain: one could scarcely bear to read of it; you felt an anger when you heard of his being hurt, such as you felt at hearing of a cruelty exercised towards a woman or a child.

Mr. Thackeray then mentioned the various well known anecdotes of Goldsmith, and referred with respect to his biographers, to the industry of Prior, the eloquence of Forster, and the love of Washington Irving. He also quoted some of the finest lines in the "Deserted Village," and referred with delicate tenderness to his love for Mary Hornbeck, the "Jessamy Bride." He alluded to the extravagance of his later life, but called on his hearers to remember how constantly he shared what he had with his numerous dependents, and appealed to their sympathy and pity. "Think," he exclaimed, "of the pensioner weeping at his grave—think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph!" How well the world has paid back all the love he had for it! His figure seems to be with us still, and pleading to us in favor of the poor.

Having announced that this was the last of his discourses, Mr. Thackeray took occasion to declare his opinions on a subject on which he is known to entertain strong ones—the relation of men of letters to "society." He protested markedly against the complaint that is sometimes made of their being neglected. "We do," he said, "meet with kindness." He urged that no laws or regulations could have saved the men he had been treating of from the troubles which they brought upon themselves. He maintained that society treated a man with due regard to what he did and was; it gave him fair place and fair play. He ridiculed all absurd pretensions on the part of writers in this matter, and inquired whether the author of the last new novel, or the last new poem, was to have a guard of honor appointed specially for him? And, speaking gratefully of the kindness which he himself had met with, he concluded the last of a series of instructive and brilliant commentaries on a class of writers with whom he has associated himself both as brother and judge. There was a marked sympathy in the applause which greeted his discourse.—*Daily News*.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT—FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

"A NEW and powerful combatant has ranged itself on the side of our publishers in the war they have so vigorously commenced on the system of literary piracy in Belgium. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* (the *Edinburgh and Quarterly* of France), in announcing the publication in connexion with it of a sort of Annual Register, which has been got up at considerable expense, takes the opportunity of warning the Belgians that measures have been taken for having it brought out in Belgium before they can get hold of it, and for selling it at a lower rate than they can afford. This is the plan which the proprietors of Lamartine's forthcoming 'History of the Restoration' have resolved to adopt; and it appears to be the firm determination of the trade to act upon it in every publication of importance. It is not supposed for a moment that immediate profit can be made of it; on the contrary it will necessitate a heavy outlay, for which there will not be an adequate return; but it will destroy the market of the Belgians, and thereby diminish greatly, perhaps wholly ruin, their culpable industry. In thus carrying the war into the very midst of the enemy's stronghold, the Parisian publishers display the most daring courage; and let us hope that, as usual, fortune will favor the

brave. Nor is this all. Rightly thinking that example is better than precept, they have resolved to take active measures for suppressing piracy in France, instead of lecturing foreigners on the injustice of it, and making vain efforts to induce foreign governments to abandon it. They have nothing to gain by such a measure; but in thus exerting themselves to do justice to foreign publishers, they expect that their foreign brethren will at least attempt to do something for them. They seem to think that if publishers in all countries would only move, it would be easy for them to get their respective governments to suppress piracy in their own territories; and this suppression, accomplished by a simple law or decree, would render treaties, which are so difficult to conclude, unnecessary.—*Paris Correspondence of the London Lit. Gaz.*

DEATH OF "DELTA" (DR. MOIR).

THE world of letters will learn with no common regret the melancholy tidings of the sudden death of one of the sweetest of northern poets—D. M. MOIR, of Musselburgh, better known, perhaps, by the name of "Delta," the well known signature of the verses by which he achieved his literary reputation. Dr. Moir felt some slight symptoms of indisposition about ten days ago; but, believing that they might yield to a change of scene, he left home on Tuesday last (July 1), accompanied by his wife, on a visit to the western shires. The next day, at Ayr, he had an attack of his malady—inflammation of the peritoneum—but it speedily abated, and he was able to pursue his journey to Dumfries. There, on Thursday evening, the disease suddenly recurred in a more alarming shape, and after two days of great suffering, the patient sank under it at two o'clock on Sunday morning. David Macbeth Moir was born at Musselburgh, in the month of January, 1798. From the schools of his native town, he passed to the University of Edinburgh, where he pursued his medical studies with diligence and success. Having received the diploma of a surgeon, he established himself in that capacity at Musselburgh, devoting himself to his profession with a measure of assiduity that was in no long time crowned with ample success. He acquired a very extensive practice, the limits of which continued to enlarge until the burden becoming too great for him, he latterly found an associate in his son-in-law, Dr. Thomas R. Scott. It seems to have been about the year 1817, when he was a youth of nineteen, that Dr. Moir committed his first verses to the press, in the pages of "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine." We believe that they were without signature, so that it is not easy now to identify them, or such other pieces as he did not afterwards reclaim. The earliest poem—that of "Emma," subsequently named "Sir Ethelrid"—which bears the subscription of "Delta," appeared in the Magazine for January, 1820; but a notice to correspondents in Nov., 1819—inviting "Delta" to favor the editor with a "prose article"—shows that he had already made himself a welcome contributor. From Dr. Moir's neglect to distinguish his youthful compositions by any mark, some of them were assigned to other writers. The late Mrs. Brunton, the authoress of "Self-Control," was so much struck with his stanzas, beginning,

When thou at eventide art reaming
Along the elm-o'-ershadowed walk,
Where fast the eddying stream is foaming,
And falling down a cataract—

published without note or name in Constable's "Edinburgh Magazine," towards the end of the year 1817—that she transcribed them with her own hand, and the transcript being found in her workbox after her death, they were published as her composition in the memoir prefixed to her posthumous tale of "Emmeline." Having once established his place in "Blackwood," under the signature of "Delta," Dr. Moir continued, during the long period of more than thirty years, to enrich its pages with a series of poems, which would be remarkable were it for nothing but the profusion with which they were poured forth. But they possessed many and high qualities, a great command of language and numbers, a delicate and graceful fancy, and a sweet, pure vein of tenderness and pathos. These characteristics are displayed, with scarcely one exception, through the whole series of his compositions, the last of which, "The Lament of Selim," left his hand a little more than a fortnight before his death. It is published in "Blackwood's Magazine" for this month; and to some readers its melancholy refrain may now sound prophetic:—

And thou art not—I look around,
But thou art nowhere to be found!
I listen vainly for thy foot—
I listen, but thy voice is mute!

A selection of "Delta's" contributions to "Blackwood" may, probably, yet see the light; altogether they would fill several volumes besides the two which were published during his lifetime—"The Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems," in 1825, and his "Domestic Verses," in 1843. The first of these works has been very happily characterized by the distinguished critic who was so long the presiding genius of the miscellany in which many of the poems were first given to the world. "Delta," wrote Professor Wilson, "has produced many original pieces, which will possess a permanent place in the poetry of Scotland. Delicacy and grace characterize his happiest compositions; some of them are beautiful, in a cheerful spirit that has only to look on nature to be happy; and others breathe the simplest and purest pathos. His scenery, whether sea coast or inland, is always truly Scottish, and at times his pen drops touches of light on minute objects, that till then had slumbered in the shade, but now 'shine well where they stand' or lie, as component and characteristic parts of our lowland landscapes." The "Domestic Verses" were not at first meant to meet the general eye, but a few copies having been printed for circulation among friends, they called forth so much praise, that the author was prevailed upon to make them public. Among the eminent men of letters whose approbation was bestowed upon the volume in its unpublished form, was the late Lord Jeffrey. "I cannot," he wrote to the author, "resist the impulse of thanking you with all my heart, for the deep gratification you have afforded me, and the soothing, and I hope, bettering emotions which you have excited. I am sure that what you have written is more genuine pathos than anything almost I have ever read in verse; and it is so tender and true, so sweet and natural, as to make all lower recommendations indifferent." It were easy to accumulate testimonies, not less cordial, from other contemporaries of mark. The fastidious taste of Dr. Butler, the late Bishop of Lichfield, singled out "Delta's" lines on "Mount St. Bernard" as worthy of a Latin version—one of the most felicitous things

in Mr. Drury's collection of the "Arundines Comi."

While the pathos of "Delta" was subduing the hearts of all the readers of "Blackwood," there suddenly appeared in the same pages the first fragment of one of the most laughable embodiments of Scottish humor, "The Life of Mansie Wauch." Begun in October, 1824, four or five years elapsed before the autobiography of the Dalkeith tailor was completed in "Blackwood," and issued in a volume by itself, has run through six or eight editions in this country, besides reprints in America and France, and the circulation of several of its chapters in the guise of chap-books. The first whisper which went abroad that the touching "Legend of Genevieve," and the facetious history of "Mansie Wauch," were from one and the same pen, was received with astonishment and incredulity. The public had universally assigned the story to John Galt, then in the heyday of his fame; and undoubtedly it was pitched to a key-note which that writer had been the first to strike. But the execution was discriminated by so many peculiar touches, as to make "Mansie Wauch" an original creation, sufficient to have built up the fame of its author, even if it had stood alone; and, in the circumstances, affording a truly remarkable proof of the diversified gifts of the genius by which it was produced.

We have seen that "Blackwood" early invited "Delta" to write in prose. He accepted the invitation; but except the chapters of "Mansie Wauch," his prose contributions to the magazine were not many. The bent of his mind, not less than the course of his reading, was towards poetry. Yet of his published volumes—five in number—only two are given to verse. Of his first prose work, "Mansie Wauch," we have already spoken. Almost contemporaneous with its issue was the publication, in 1831, of his "Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine; being a View of the Progress of the Healing Art among the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabians"—a work of great research and various erudition. The catalogue of his writings closes with "Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century, in Six Lectures, delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution." This very pleasing volume was published only the other day. We intended to take an early opportunity of introducing it to our readers—little dreaming that we should be called thus untimely to enumerate it in a memoir of its lamented author.

The lineaments of Dr. Moir's character are not unfaithfully reflected in his writings. To know him was to love him. The sweetness of his disposition, the purity and simplicity, the manliness and sincerity of his mind, gained and secured for him universal affection and esteem. Such was the respect in which he was held in Musselburgh, that when the tidings of his death reached the town, a desire was expressed by all classes of the inhabitants that his funeral should be a public one. This general and earnest wish has been acceded to, and at two o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, every circumstance of honor which his neighbors and fellow citizens could bestow accompanied the remains of D. M. Moir to their resting place in the churchyard of Inveresk, in the grave which holds the dust of three of his children, the subjects of some of his most plaintive lines.

Dr. Moir married, in 1829, Miss Charlotte E. Bell, of Leith; and by this lady, who survives him, he leaves issue eight children. The eldest daughter is the wife of Dr. Thos. R. Scott, who for some time was the partner, and is now the successor of the deceased poet in his extensive practice. In person, "Delta" was somewhat above the middle stature, of fair complexion, with light blue eyes, and pleasant features. His health was robust until about five years ago, when the upsetting of a carriage gave a shock to his constitution, from which it would seem never to have wholly recovered. His political opinions may be inferred from those of the miscellany which he chose to be the chief channel of his publications. He was a steadfast tory, and a zealous supporter of the Church of Scotland; and the devotion with which he adhered to his principles, both in church and state, was characteristic of the simplicity and integrity of the man.—(*Edinburgh Courant*).

FRENCH TRIBUTES TO MEN OF GENIUS.

"THE inauguration of a statue in honor of Nicholas Poussin, the greatest painter of the French school, at Les Andelys, was announced in your last. On the same day a statue to Poisson, an eminent mathematician, was inaugurated with pomp, at his native place, Pithiviers, near Orleans. A little before, one was erected to Froissart, the quaint old chronicler of knightly deeds, at Valenciennes, where he was born. Jeanne Hachette is about to have one at Beauvais; Gresset, the author of 'Vert Vert,' at Amiens; William, our own Conqueror, at Falaise. There is, in fact, scarcely a Frenchman of real eminence in poetry, literature, war, science, statesmanship, the arts, medicine, law, or any other walk of life, who is not honored with his statue, either in his birthplace, or in the town made his own by adoption. Most of the statues are erected at the expense of the inhabitants of the respective localities; the good people thinking it a bounden duty to render every respect to their illustrious dead. And when they may happen to be too poor to go to that expense, they erect a fountain, or some useful thing, which bears the great man's name. In the small and poor village of Chatenay, near Paris, where Voltaire was born, you see, for example, a small plaster bust of him, in an iron cage, and on the parish pump the words 'à Voltaire.' And the man who should scoff at this simple tribute to genius would be an ass,—it is all that poor peasants can afford to pay. The names of distinguished men are also frequently given by the French to streets and squares. In Paris alone, Molière, Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Boileau, Montaigne, and I know not how many others, together with men of science by the hundred, have streets named after them: so have Chateaubriand and Béranger; so have even the English Lord Byron, and the Italian Rossini. The ships in the navy, too, receive also the names of distinguished men, foreign as well as native—there is a man-of-war named after our Newton. Now, look at the land of Shakspeare and Milton, of Bacon and Newton and Locke,—at the land which, in proportion to its population, has produced far more poets, romancers, historians, philosophers, lyrists, inventors, all of undoubted genius, than any other—and say, where are its statues to them?—what honor has it done them?—*Paris Correspondence of the London Lit. Gaz.*

THE NEW CITY PARK.

THE paramount city topic—and as whatever concerns our metropolis interests the country at large—one of the topics of the country just now, is the proposed new park. It excites animated discussion from its appeal to that belief in the future grandeur of our great emporium, which glows in the heart of every citizen, and which nothing less revolutionary than an earthquake could disturb; inasmuch as the locality selected lies far beyond the present range of the city proper. It is, however, far *within* the expectation of our hopes, and is, therefore, very properly regarded as a subject of prompt legislation; for New York does not, like the cities of the Old World, jog on at a moderate pace, but strides forward like a giant, sweeping away wooded hills and planting orderly blocks of mason work, with the comprehensive power and freedom of a master magician. The grounds, as our readers already know—and as we made ourselves acquainted by a personal examination on Saturday last—lie on the East River, about five miles, by the nearest route, from Wall street, and something like two miles from the settled line of the city. The readiest conveyance is a stage through the Third Avenue, famous from time immemorial, for dust and fast riders: the fare is sixpence, and an hour's ride brings you to the gate of Jones's Wood, which stands at an elevation of some ten or twelve feet above the grade of the road. The spot is easily recognised, for it is the first unmistakable "country" on that great turnpike, preserving its primitive look, undisturbed by the tumult and whirling trade and traffic of the town: an aboriginal woody aspect, which is not to be seen again, we believe, in that direction till the bridge of Harlem, miles away, is passed, and we are lost in the rural county of Westchester. On opening the gate, you enter at once upon a secluded lane, loftily and widely shaded on either hand with oak, walnut, and locust: along which the way, winding in a delightful twilight, brings you presently past an ancient out-house, to an orchard, hedge-rowed with thrifty blackberries in blossom, down to meadow-land, winding about again to an upland, on which stands the mansion of the present owner, in the thick of a high grass. A stone's throw beyond you have the river, with a descent from the back of five or six feet to reach the rocky margin: and it is now with a pleasant recollection of the sequestered path by which you have gained it, that you are fully aware of the charmed beauty of the spot. As from a hermitage, you watch the river running past, between yourself and the opposite island, which, though devoted to bondmen, is softened down in the afternoon sun and its own summer foliage, to the appearance of an island of the happy. Far away is Williamsburgh, stretching on with rapid growth, but lying now in a golden haze,—an eastern steamboat up, looming on from the city; on the other hand, an eastern steamboat down, from Fall River,—beyond the island the tops of market sloops, gliding along as if the island were but a step in breadth; and all about you the serene silence of undisturbed nature. We have, however, seen but half the pleasure of the place—this is but one section of the projected park. Crossing a party wall, still along the river, we find erected there, doubtless with a better view of the lovely landscape, a *plateau* or platform at a considerable elevation, and at a point in

advance of any which we could command from our first station on the other farm. Ascending this, we find ourselves with the eye directly down on New York, and possessed at once of a great reach of country—to the south, the east, and the north—accompanied wherever we move by a gentle breeze, the sound of rippling waters, and the free murmurs of the woods. Returning through this second division of our proposed park, we find it, even more than the other, varied in all directions with every delightful aspect of changing nature—banks, uplands, lowlands, by-paths, wood, orchard, valley, about us in all the happiness and ease of the primitive time. Emerging by another gate upon the avenue, we have seen enough to satisfy us that no such selection can be anywhere made on the eastern shore of our island for a great park for the people: not a park at once, and capable of immediate use; for, as we have said, it lies without the present circle of city resort, but in reserve for the untold multitudes yet destined, we believe, ere long to swarm upon its borders. And this circumstance may, perhaps, most properly furnish a name which will dwell in the memory and fall from the tongues of new generations, who may be grateful to us, that we cared for them so much as to appropriate a sanctuary like this to their use, in advance of its absolute necessity, and while yet the great city had not absorbed the country altogether. A good name is an inheritance for parks as well as individuals; and, therefore, we would have the right one chosen for this new child of our affections.—(*Courier and Enquirer*).

FINE ARTS.

ARY SCHEFFER'S CHRISTUS REMUNERATOR.*

Few religious prints of the highest class of Art have been more widely popular than the Christus Consolator of Ary Scheffer. Its admirable embodiment of one of the most comforting doctrines of our Holy Faith, has justly made it so. In many a dwelling it has grown to be one of the most cherished ornaments of the walls; in many a sick chamber has its silent lesson aided the message of hope and comfort to the suffering.

We have already presented a description of the figures of the companion-print now presented, the Christus Remunerator. It is a modern, and, as it were, concentrated version of the Last Judgment, the solemn theme so often treated by the early Christian painters. In place, however, of countless throngs and attendant angels we have two groups, made up of a few figures, allegorically representing different classes of the Holy and the Wicked. In the delineation of the latter the painter seems to have revived the old idea so generally adopted in mediæval art, of the grotesqueness of vice, not alone its ugliness, but its folly and unrest, as contradistinguished from the beauty, dignity, and repose of holiness. The Magdalen who with St. Paul and the Penitent Thief are represented on the left, but as separated from the wicked and returning to the Lord, is the most beautiful figure of the composition. She is kneeling, and with her hand closely pressed to her face wiping her repentant tears with her rich hair. Her dress has fallen off one shoulder, showing a beautifully rounded

form, but in a chaste and delicate manner. The figure of St. Paul is somewhat attitude, and the face, severely intellectual, betrays somewhat of spiritual pride. The head of the Penitent Thief is admirable. Its care-worn glance seems to show the whole previous life of guilt and shame.

The head of our Saviour has great beauty, but with a slight trace of scorn, which is a great blemish in its conception. There is also a somewhat careless defect in the left hand, which is unfortunate. The figure may also be considered as somewhat too statuesque for painting.

The group on the right contains several lovely female heads, some of them familiar to us in the artist's previous compositions. All are saintly and tender, but with somewhat too much of conventional asceticism in their care-worn faces. The head of an old man in the far background who is occupied in supporting a sick youth, is full of tenderness, and resembles, perhaps from the hood and other portions of the dress being similar, the portrait of the good old father of English song, Dan Chaucer.

The figure of Education is that of a young man teaching a child from an open book. There is great intensity and earnestness in his face, but a somewhat contracted expression. We might fancy him a Jesuit insisting on an intricate dogma, rather than, as the direction of his finger to the Saviour seems to indicate, the teacher of the great simple truths of God's word.

The greatest paintings of the Last Judgment, from Michael Angelo, at Rome, to Cornelius at Munich, have been failures, though magnificent ones. The subject is too awful for human grasp in word or pencil. The same must be true of the indirect representation here attempted, although as a powerful composition it will take high rank in modern Art. The engraving is executed with the usual excellence of the issues of the house.

MUSIC.

THE OPERA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the heat of the weather, the opera at Castle Garden has proved very attractive during the last few weeks. The production of "La Somnambula," the other night, drew a full audience, almost a Jenny Lind crowd, and has been repeated with the same interest. The cast was Signorina Bosio as Amina, Salvi, his first appearance, in Elvino, Marini as the Count, and Signorina Costini as Liza. Without at all sharing the raptures of some of our contemporaries at the heroine of the evening, we must admire the steady course this lady is pursuing, and remark the great improvement evident, both in her singing and acting, since our first acquaintance with her powers last summer at Niblo's Theatre. Her voice is greatly softened, and her execution is gaining firmness and velocity. She sings with more expression, and her phrasing shows the understanding of the artist. On this occasion, her singing of the chief scenes was excellent, and to give this impression, while the ears of half her audience were yet filled with the echoes of Madlle. Lind's brilliant versions, argues no slight degree of merit. In the concerted pieces Signorina Bosio was yet better, her voice telling well, with due tone throughout, while the duets with Signor Salvi could not have been improved. This gentleman sang in his customary care-

* Christus Remunerator. Peint par Ary Scheffer. Gravé par Auguste Blanchard. Paris and New York: Goupil, Vibert & Co.

ful and elaborate style, but he lacks inspiration enough to conceal the growing failure of his voice; on this account also he was best in the concerted music. Signor Marini is, to our taste, one of the worst representatives of the Count it has been our fortune to see. His bearing throughout was rather that of the jockey than the gentleman. This total misapprehension of the character gave a false coloring to the whole performance. His singing was unequal, good in parts, careless in others; and the charming "Vi Ravviso" was delivered with the utmost indifference and want of taste. We never heard a less impressive version of this song. Signora Costini is a very promising young singer, full of energy and with a decision of style and delicacy that promises much. The orchestra and chorus were good, and the opera was throughout carefully given. We can hardly congratulate the performers on their taste in costume. Signor Salvi in particular was as far from the ideal of an attractive young peasant as it was possible to be.

THE DRAMA.

MR. HACKETT'S FALSTAFF.

THE *London Weekly News and Chronicle* (a journal which has grown out of Douglas Jerrold's *News*) has an excellent dramatic critic whose views of the stage are candid and independent. We take pleasure in republishing his recent notice of Mr. Hackett's Shakspearean performance of Falstaff:

"The HAYMARKET, although it has presented no novelties in the shape of new pieces, has engaged two popular actors—Mr. Leigh Murray, who appeared on Monday, in Mr. Maddison Morton's popular farce of *John Dobbs*; and Mr. Hackett, the American Comedian, who appeared as *Sir John Falstaff*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Of the former gentleman, we have no occasion to offer any remarks further than to say, that his talents and agreeable style render him a beneficial acquisition to any theatre. He is quite unrivalled in a particular class of young men's parts. Of Mr. Hackett we may say a few words, as he aspires to be a Shakspearean actor, and has merits that deserve considerable attention.

"*Imprimis*, he is a sensible person, and delivers himself like a man of this world. He has made a careful study of the gross knight, and has mastered the gait, walk, and tones of a monstrous man. He has great facial expression, and plays with his features more than with his limbs. When he enters with his rusty followers, one is rather struck with the preposterous magnitude of his stomach than anything else; and it is evidently somewhat exaggerated. The true and well-tempered utterance, however, soon makes an impression, and although there is nothing very striking in this scene, yet one perceives one has an actor that understands his business completely. So severely have our American brethren been rated for coarseness and violence of expression that there seems some danger of their now going to the opposite extreme; and we have proof in Mr. Hackett, as also in Mr. Davenport, another American actor on these boards, that they affect now rather to underact; and the understanding so predominates over the impulses, that there is a consciousness and predetermination manifest which destroys all breadth of effect. This is a fault on the right side, and one which time and practice will cure. The interview with *Mrs. Quickly*, where he plots his unholy and mercenary love, if the word can be so applied, was one of his best; and was also excellently played by Mrs. Stanley. The self-conceited chuckle; the profound self-adulation that makes him

think himself irresistible; the vicious inclination; and the unbounded confidence in his own powers to render the women subservient to his inordinate extravagance, were well depicted. There were two or three minor touches here that deserve notice, such as an affected modesty at *Mrs. Quickly's* fulsome compliments, and an almost imperceptible playing with the meddling old woman and her affected squeamishness and utter want of principle. His interviews with *Ford* are also very good; and here particularly was that careful reading which so marks Mr. Hackett's performance. He fully displayed the *Sir John Falstaff*, and he patronised and duped, as he considers, the infatuated *Muster Brook*, with most self-approving blandishment. This brought out the comic situation very nicely. The broader parts elicited much laughter; and where he gets into the buck-basket, and his recital afterwards of what he suffered, drew down roars; but it is in the broad comedy of the part he is most deficient. There should be, in this character, an impetuosity of vicious propensities, and an impulsive sensuality which, in some degree, lessens the grossness. The knight's sins are more the effect of temperament than corruption of intellect; and their unconsciousness it is that renders them tolerable. There is a want of the abandon to Mr. Hackett; but still we must conclude as we commenced, by saying he is an actor to be valued, and to be seen. We know of no performance on our own stage that could equal it.

"In other respects the comedy was nicely acted; *Mrs. Fitzwilliam* and *Miss Reynolds* giving the gaiety, honesty, and love of mischief of the *Merry Wives* very nicely. Mr. Davenport enacted *Ford* with good emphasis. Mr. Lambert was a sententious *Justice Shallow*; Buckstone a very humorous, though exaggerated *Cousin Slender*. *Sir Hugh Evans* was discreetly played by an actor not familiar to us. *Dr. Caius*, by Bland. The smaller parts were carefully made up, and Mr. Selby's *Pistol* was a very excellent picture of the gloomy swag-gener. Nor must we forget excellent Mr. Clarke's slight bit as *Simple*, servant to *Slender*. The house was excellent, and we hope that the town are returning to their theatrical enjoyments."

VARIETIES.

HAND GIVING THE BLESSING.—In blessing the people, the clergy of the Church of Rome raise the thumb and two forefingers, and close the others, to represent the three Persons of the Trinity; and they give this some divine origin; but it is really an adoption of a Pagan symbol in use long before the introduction of Christianity, not only by the Romans, but the Egyptians also. In Akerman's *Archaeological Index*, p. 116, is an engraving of a silver plate of Roman workmanship, in which the figures representing Minerva and Juno have their hands elevated with the thumb and fingers so disposed, and the figure of Vesta has the left hand in the same position. I wish some of your correspondents who are familiar with the classics and Egyptian antiquities, would further illustrate the origin of this curious and ancient custom, which hitherto has been regarded as originating with the Church of Rome only.—*Notes and Queries*.

WIT OF THE LATE MR. SHEIL.—The pungent wit of Mr. Sheil was not the least remarkable of his shining qualities. What he said of a late Irish member could not have been surpassed by Congreve. On being asked whether Mr. — had any Irish estate, Sheil answered, "Why, he's an Irish estate himself! He is heavily encumbered; he is openly for sale; and, though he has a Parliamentary title, he can find no buyers at all!" We may remark that his good things were always said with a rapidity of utterance and pungency of manner that doubled their effect. One night he was asked by Lady Morgan, who was a Mr. —, who made himself

so conspicuous in Irish agitation? "He is *patriot to a brewery*," was Sheil's answer, of which the humor may not be understood in England; but in Ireland, where speculators often trade in porter and in politics together, the description is thoroughly comic.—*Athenæum*.

ORIGIN OF "YANKEE-DOODLE."—In a curious book on the Round Towers of Ireland (I forget the title) the origin of the term Yankee-doodle was traced to the Persian phrase, "Yanki doonia," or, "Inhabitants of the New World." Layard, in his book on *Nineveh and its Remains*, also mentions "Yanghi-dunia" as the Persian name of America.—*Notes and Queries*.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS AND THEIR POSTERITY.—What energy and determination those old pilgrim fathers showed, and the poor pilgrim mothers too, who, as some one justly observed the other day, seemed usually consigned to unmerited oblivion. What hardships and heart-quakings must they not have gone through when all this now cheerful, and cultivated, and inhabited country, with its profusion of towns and villages, and its multiplicity of railways, was one huge wild-waving pine forest. Fancy their surprise if they could look upon it now; and the iron trains, and the electric telegraphs, and their dandy French-costumed, mustachioed sons, and their polka-dancing daughters; what would great grandmamma think of that? Mrs. Hemans' lovely lines on the landing of the pilgrim fathers, and the beautiful music poor Mrs. Arkwright wedded to them, have often lately recurred to my memory.—*Lady E. S. Wortley's Travels in the United States in 1849-50*.

AMERICAN BOYS.—Look at that boy, that manikin, with his hat so knowingly on one side, and the Turkish cimeter-like boots and all; he is "a dreadful bright boy," that. You would see him chew and smoke, if it was not forbidden in the Trimountain City, and hang his nether limbs out of a railroad car, if you met him in one, and if he could by possibility lengthen them, so as to contrive so to do; or he will tell you, perchance, with his tiny squeaking voice, "We air a great people, by thunder, the greatest on the airth, and can do all things double first-rate, from blowing up a universe and a half, if it misbehaves, to blowing half a soap-bubble. Now, we'll put the Atlantic and Pacific in our side-pockets any day, and reduce all Europe to nowhar and a grease spot," and so forth: and very soon not only this species of boasting, but other ungraceful bragging, which, though not so broad, is yet sufficiently extravagant, will be entirely confined to this very young America.—*Lady E. S. Wortley's Travels in the United States in 1849-50*.

SUMMER COSTUME OF THE LADIES IN NEW YORK.—We soon saw some evidence of the warmth of a New York summer, in the profusion of light cool bonnets furnished with broad and deeply-hanging curtains, shading and covering the throat and part of the shoulders; a very sensible costume for hot weather. The fashion, or the custom, just now, seems to be for all the ladies to wear large white shawls. I never beheld such a number of white shawls mustered before, I think: the female part of the population seem all *roulé au blanc*. It had rather too table-clothly an appearance, and, from its frequency, the snowy shawl became quite tiresome; besides, they made one think of "weird white women," sheeted spectres, and Abd-el-Kader's scouring Arabs, in their "bernooses."—*Lady E. S. Wortley's Travels in the United States in 1849-50*.

FOREIGNERS IN NEW YORK.—The French appear to muster numerically stronger than any other people, but this arises from the fact that nearly all the New Yorkers are accoutred in Parisian costume. Their very hair is cut and combed, and their beards trimmed and clipped, strictly *à la Française*, which does not, in general, improve their personal appearance. Looking merely to the people, you might often fancy

yourself in the Boulevards, instead of in Broadway. *As resiste*, Germans, Swedes, Poles, Italians, and hosts of others meet you at every turn. There are but few Russian visitors here it seems; but I am very much struck by the apparent *entente cordiale* that exists between Russia and the United States. There seems an inexplicable instinct of sympathy, some mysterious magnetism at work, which is drawing by degrees these two mighty nations into closer contact. Napoleon, we know, prophesied that the world, ere long, would be either Cossack or Republican. It seems as if it would first be pretty equally shared between these two giant powers.—*Lady E. S. Wortley's Travels in the United States in 1849-50.*

AMERICAN DREAD OF FRESH AIR.—In coming by the railroad here, I was struck one evening by the dread the Americans appear to have of catching cold. The car was extremely close, and V—— and I let down our window, and much enjoyed the cool, fresh air, which we thus secured in our immediate vicinity; we beheld, instantly, a simultaneous stir among the passengers. At first, I could not think that the fresh, but hardly cold, air, I had been instrumental in introducing to the crowded and suffocating car, occasioned this movement; but I soon ascertained that such was the fact, on seeing a gentleman carefully barricading himself with a large carpet-bag against the assaults of his aerial foe. His appearance, just peeping over this gaudy-patterned, defensive wall, was rather comical. One opened a vast umbrella, and disappeared behind its ample shade from scrutiny and the supposed severity of the elements, looking, as there was neither rain nor sun, like that Asiatic potentate above whose head, as a sign of royalty, an umbrella is reverentially and habitually carried. There was a general raising of collars and buttoning of coats, and slouching of hats, and shrinking, and shuffling; but all were too courteous and obliging to remonstrate, and I am not sure that one of the victims did not actually most politely assist us to open this terrible window, though so much to his own discomfort. Shall I confess it? grieved as I was to cause so much apparent annoyance, I had not the magnanimity to raise the glass; I felt so sure that, though unpalatable to them, this homoeopathic dose of pure air was for their good. It must be, no doubt, the great variability and the violent extremes of their climate, that render them thus susceptible of the slightest chill. I heard some saying, "we shall all be frozen before we get to our journey's end," yet there was only a little part of the window open, and the only persons close to it were ourselves. I think I ought to have shut it notwithstanding; but I can only hope none of the passengers suffered from this barbarous infliction of Zephyrus. We, who stood the whole brunt of it, certainly did not.—*Lady E. S. Wortley's Travels in the United States in 1849-50.*

ANECDOTE OF MR. WEBSTER.—It appears Mr. Webster was at Martha's Vineyard a short time ago, and he drove up to the door of the principal hotel, at Edgar Town, the capital, accompanied by some of his family, and attended, as usual, by his colored servants. Now it must be observed that Mr. Webster has a swarthy, almost South-Spanish complexion, and when he put his head out of the window and inquired for apartments, the keeper of the hotel, casting dismayed glances, first at the domestics of different shades of sable and mahogany, and then at the fine dark face of Mr. Webster, excused himself from providing them with accommodation, declaring he made it a rule never to receive any colored persons. (This in New England! if the tale be true.) The great statesman and his family were about to seek for accommodation elsewhere, thinking the hotel-keeper alluded to his servants, when the magical name of "glorious Dan" becoming known, mine host, penitent and abashed, after profuse apologies, entreated

him to honor his house with his presence. "All's well that ends well."—*Lady E. S. Wortley's Travels in the United States in 1849-50.*

LORD GEORGE GORDON'S JEWISH OBSERVANCES.—Lord George Gordon attended the Hamburg Synagogue, where he was called up to the reading of the law; and was honored with Me Shebayrach. He presented that synagogue with £100. He then went to Paris and wrote a book against Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, which proved libellous, and subjected his lordship to imprisonment at Newgate. Whilst in prison he was very regular in his Jewish observances; every morning he was seen with his phylacteries between his eyes, and opposite to his heart. Every Saturday he had a public service in his room, by the aid of ten Polish Jews. He looked like a patriarch with his beautiful long beard. His Saturday's bread was baked according to the manner of the Jews, his wine was Jewish, his meat was Jewish, and he was the best Jew in the congregation of Israel. On his prison wall were to be seen, first, the ten commandments, in the Hebrew language, then the bag of the Talith, or fringed garment, and of the phylacteries. The court required him to bring bail: he brought two poor Polish Israelites, as guarantees. The Court would not accept them, because of their poverty. The rich Jews would do nothing towards assisting the prisoner, for fear of a persecution. He died in 1793 of a broken heart, and was interred in the Gordon family vault.—*Margoliouth's History of the Jews in Great Britain.*

THE MISSISSIPPI BY NIGHT.—By night the scene is one of startling interest and magical splendor. Hundreds of lights are glancing in different directions, from the villages, towns, farms, and plantations on shore, and from the magnificent "floating palaces" of steamers, that frequently look like moving mountains of light and flame, so brilliantly are these enormous river leviathans illuminated, outside and inside. Indeed, the spectacle presented is like a dream of enchantment. Imagine steamer after steamer coming sweeping, sounding, thundering on, blazing with these thousands of lights, casting long brilliant reflections on the fast-rolling waters beneath. There is often a number of them, one after another, like so many comets in Indian file. Some of these are so marvellously and dazzlingly lighted, they really look like Aladdin's palace on fire (which it in all likelihood would be in America), sent skurrying and dashing down the stream, while, perhaps, just then all else is darkness around it. I delighted, too, in seeing, as you very frequently do, the twinkling lights in the numerous cottages and homesteads dotted here and there; and you may often observe large wood fires lit on the banks, looking like merry-making bonfires. These, I believe, are usually signals for the different steamers to stop to take up passengers, goods, and animals.—*Lady E. S. Wortley's Travels in the United States in 1850-51.*

Some things are quite as well said in verse as in prose; a fact which will be undeniable, among the poets at least. The following impromptu, from one of our subscribers, is decidedly as well put as anything of our own could be. It relates to the new post-office law, and the necessity of accommodating ourselves to it with all possible despatch:

"Precept upon precept, line upon line,
Prepay your postage, and I'll prepay mine!"

The importance of this advice will be better understood when we remind the reader that by the new law we save two cents on every letter the postage of which is paid by the sender. Our correspondents are particularly entreated, therefore, for ourselves and the sake of the public generally, to pay three cents in advance on their letters, that we may be spared the necessity of paying five. "A penny saved," says Frank-

lin, "is a penny gained." According to this rule, two pence saved is two pence gained; and putting the saved and gained together in such cases, we are four cents richer (by all logic) at the close of the transaction.—*Charleston News.*

The following lines appear as an epitaph on a head-stone in St. Michael's Churchyard, Aberystwith, Wales, to the memory of David Davies, blacksmith, late of that town:

"My Sledge and Hammer lay reclined,
My Bellows, too, have lost their wind:
My Fire's extinct, my Forge decayed,
And in the dust my Vice is laid;
My Coal is spent, my Iron gone,
My Nails are drove—my Work is done."

[W. Chronicle.]

Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of peace to rest upon—
My scrip of joy—immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation—

My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I take my pilgrimage—

While my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The *Boston Post*, a democratic paper, says of Mr. Webster's speeches:

"Mr. Webster, of late, is sprinkling his addresses with poetry, and eclipsing all our orators, and surprising his hearers and readers, by the exceeding appropriateness, grace, and elegance of extracts. Having passed what Mr. Winthrop calls the grand climacteric, he now shakes from his venerable head the gems and flowers with which he stored it in youthful wanderings through the fields of literature, and the profusion of these fresh and brilliant ornaments is the more pleasing when we contrast them with the severe simplicity of most of his previous efforts."

"I do not know, as I have repeatedly stated, how far the splendor of architecture or other art is compatible with the honesty and usefulness of religious service. The longer I live, the more I incline to severe judgment in this matter, and the less I can trust the sentiments excited by painted glass and colored tiles. But if there be indeed value in such things, our plain duty is to direct our strength against the superstition which has dishonored them; there are thousands who might be possibly benefited by them, to whom they are now merely an offence, owing to their association with idolatrous ceremonies."—JOHN RUSKIN.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"ENGLISH Literature of the Nineteenth Century," comprising Biographical Sketches of the most eminent English Authors, with Selections from their Works, by Charles D. Cleveland; and, by the same author, "Hymns for Schools," with appropriate readings from the Scriptures, are two useful and instructive books, published this week, by Messrs. E. C. & J. BIDDLE, Philadelphia.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM will publish in a few days, "Familiar Things," being a Cyclopædia of Useful Information, with engravings; Elements of Analytical Geometry, by Prof. A. E. Church; Charles Knight's Industry of All Nations, in one 8vo. vol., with illustrations; Prof. St. John's Elements of Geology; a new edition of "Swallow Barn," by Hon. J. P. Kennedy beautifully illustrated; and Part Nine of Mrs. Clarke's Heroines—Ophelia.

Messrs. PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co. announce as to be ready the 10th of this month, their annuals for the approaching fall sales. Gems of Beauty and Literary Gift; The Souvenir Gallery; The Amaranth; The Keepsake of Friend-

ship; The Garland; The Magnolia; Juvenile Keepsake; The Ice-King; Little Messenger Birds; Christmas Roses—make an assortment suiting all classes of purchasers.

The following statistics relating to the Post-office in this city have been sent us by Mr. Brady, the Postmaster:

FOR THE QUARTER ENDING JUNE 30, 1851.

Steamer Mails Received.

California	119,974.
Bremen and Havre	103,105.
Collins's Steamers	109,416.
Cunard do.	213,296.
Private Ships	11,304.

Amounting to 562,095 Letters,
and 250,894 Papers.

Steamer Mails Sent.

California	114,333.
Bremen and Havre	69,957.
Collins's Steamers	103,693.
Cunard do.	220,067.
Private Ships	22,960.

Amounting to 531,030 Letters,
and 414,523 Newspapers.

Gross amount 1,093,125 Letters, and 655,417 Papers, showing a decrease of 141,046 letters, and an increase of 95,237 papers, as to the quantity of Sea letters and papers sent and received during the quarter ending March 31, 1841.

To the above amount of letters, add the daily average domestic correspondence, and it will give about 6,098,125 letters that have passed through this office during the last quarter.

The average of daily mails, post billed, made up and despatched, for the same quarter, is about 4,900; and about the same number are received, assorted, and delivered, or distributed daily.

The number of letters advertised for the quarter is 46,114; about one fourth of which have been delivered to the proper owners, and the remaining three fourths sent to the dead letter office at Washington.

The number of dead letters received at this office from the dead letter office at Washington, for the same quarter, and containing property of value, consisting of moneys in various sums, bills of exchange, &c., for amounts ranging from \$5 to \$20,000, is 1296; 830 of which have been delivered to the proper parties, and the remaining 466 having been unclaimed, were returned to dead letter office.

Alban—a Tale of the New World, is the title of a new book by the Rev. Jedediah Huntington, author of "The Lady Alice"—a book which produced a sensation, and was printed also in England. To be published by GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

Mr. JAMES P. WALKER, Lowell, Mass., has in press and will shortly publish, a new, revised, and enlarged edition of Dr. Dana's "Farmer's Muck Manual."

The Merchant's Memorandum Book, for the use of country merchants in knowing what kind of stock to keep on hand; with columns for dates, prices, parties bought of, &c., a new and useful book of its kind, is announced by Messrs. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia.

Also by the same publishers:—Among the annual Gift Books announced for the coming season, are, "The Iris," a Souvenir, to be beautifully illustrated, and edited by Professor Hart; "The Dew Drop," a tribute of Affection; and a new edition of Field's Anecdotal and Historical Scrap Book.

Messrs. G. C. HENDERSON & Co., successors to Mr. George S. Appleton, Chestnut street, Philadelphia, have in press to be published soon, the following Juveniles, beautifully and numerously illustrated:—The "Costumes of Europe," with twenty-one engravings; The "Costumes of America," twenty-four engravings; "A Pictorial Alphabet in Rhyme; Thrilling Stories of the Ocean, for the young; Carlo Franconi, an

Italian Story; a Fairy Tale from the German, by Dana; Kriss Kringle's Rhyme-Book; Saint Nicholas Book for 1852; also, new editions of their Guide to Philadelphia, and the Book of Common Prayer, in 48mo., 32mo., and 18mo. sizes, with a new standard French and English Dictionary.

Another new Spanish Dictionary is announced as in press by Messrs. THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & Co., Philadelphia. The same house have ready new and posted up editions of Mitchell's Universal Atlas, Mitchell's Large Map of the United States, and of the World; also Mitchell's new Traveller's Guide. Also in one thick 12mo. handsomely printed, a revised edition of Manesca's Oral System for Learning French.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

ABOUT one million of copies of that number of the London Illustrated News containing the opening of the Crystal Palace Exhibition, have been sold. At the retail price the value would be \$125,000.

The number of genuine good works that have been refused by "the trade," is extraordinary. "The Fathers," as Southey calls them, are a timid race. Novelty is the worst characteristic of a book with them; good, common-place matter, is the safer card. It has ever been so. Not to speak of "Paradise Lost," and works of olden times—in our days "Pelham" was refused, and "Vestiges of Creation" was refused; and "Mary Barton" went the round of the trade. "Vanity Fair" was rejected by a magazine. We need not wonder, then, that no one would undertake "Robinson Crusoe." It was at last bought for a mere trifle by an obscure bookseller; while if De Foe could have published it at his own risk, it would have made his fortune."—*Eclectic Review*.

It is said that Guizot is engaged in completing his History of the English Revolution. Also that he will shortly publish a revise of his Lectures from 1820 to 1822, to be entitled *Origines du Gouvernement Représentatif*.

Victor Hugo, it is said, has ready for the press three volumes of Poetry and twelve of romances—the accumulation during a five years' contract with the booksellers not to print any new work.

M. de Concha, of Paris, has had printed for himself in exquisite typography and with beautiful illustrations, one sole copy of *La Fontaine's Works*.

M. Dargard has published at Paris a history of Mary Queen of Scots, and Mignet has nearly finished a Life of the same Queen. Barante's *Histoire de la Convention* is nearly ready to be published. A History of the Restoration of 1815–30 by several hands, edited by Lamartine, is now appearing at Paris. Madame Charles Reybaud has sent forth another story: *Faustine, a Picture of French Provincial Life*.

M. Müller has discovered at Paris some lost MSS. of Origen, making the last seven books of a heretofore incomplete work; it is a refutation of heresies by proving that the heretics took their opinions from the ancient philosophers. The MSS. are said to throw great light upon the opinions and practices of the New Platonists, and the manners and customs of antiquity.

M. de Montbelliard has just put forth an "opuscule" in refutation of Spinoza; Quinet, a work on the separation of Church and State in France, *L'enseignement du peuple*; Count Montalembert, "The Higher and Lower Radicalism; in its Enmity, Religion, Right, Freedom, Justice in France, Switzerland, and Italy; and Romieu an Attack on Republican Institutions, "Lin e Spectre Ronge de 1852."

"The Persecution of the Spanish Protestants in the Reign of Philip the Second, by Don A. de

Castro, is the title of a bold and remarkable book lately published at Madrid.

Mr. Stephens, the translator of Bishop Tegner's *Frithiofs Saga*, has translated, in the metre of the originals, three Anglo-Saxon Poems of the eleventh century, and is now publishing them at Copenhagen.

A new version of the Eddas and the mythical narratives of the Skalda has appeared, by Simrock, the German poet.

A Dictionary of six of the dialects of Eastern Africa, viz. the Kishuaheli, the Kinika, the Kikamba, the Kipokomo, the Kihian, the Kigalla, has just been put forth at Tübingen, accompanied by Mark's Gospel, translated into Kikamba, and by a Grammar of the Kishuaheli. The author is Krass, a Protestant minister, who resided fifteen years in Ethiopia, and has presented to the University of Tübingen several valuable Ethiopic MSS.

The German novelist, Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, has become a Roman Catholic, and has made a book giving an account of her conversion.

There are at present at the German Universities 3973 students of Law, 2539 of Theology, 2357 of Philosophy and Philology, 2146 of Medicine, and 549 of Political Economy.

"German Poets and Guides beyond the Alps," is the title of a collection of songs relating to Italy and Italian scenery, by German poets who have visited that country, edited by Schücking, and lately published at Frankfurt. Goethe's *Kennst du das Land* is placed as a poem. Among the authors are Herder, Tieck, Rückert, Schlegel, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Platen, Simrock, Heine, Geibel, Nicholas Lenau, Anastasius Grün, Halm, Zedlitz, and Ida Hahn-Hahn. The collection forms a volume of 693 pages.

A superb work, entitled the "Düsseldorfer Song-Album," has just been published by Arnz & Co., of Cologne. It is the joint production of some of the most distinguished modern German poets, painters, and composers. The songs of Eichendorff, Geibel, Müller, and others, are wedded to the music of Schumann, Hiller, Reinecke, &c., and illustrated by the pencils of Lessing, Achenbach, and Ritter.

A Persian journal was started in Teheran on the 26th of January last, under the direction of the Prime Minister, Mirza Taghi Khan. It appears every Friday, printed on two sheets, and consists mostly of European news and articles on the condition of the provinces. The first number contains notices of the establishment of watchmen in Teheran, the arrangement of post-stations in Persia, and the time of departure for the couriers, who leave the capital. The former Minister, Hadji Mirza Aghassi, attempted to establish a journal in Teheran seven years ago, but failed.

A new MS. of Rousseau has recently been discovered in the public library at Neuchâtel. It is entitled "Avant-propos et Préface à mes Confessions"—and is said to be profoundly misanthropic.

Two unpublished works of Balzac are to appear in Paris—one a romance called "Les Paysans," which he terminated only a short time before his death; the other a collection of confidential letters to a lady, in which it is said, he took pleasure in laying bare the secrets of his heart, and his real opinion of men and things.

Mr. Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," has in the press "The Lily and the Bee," a romance of the Crystal Palace. Mr. Simpson announces "The Literature of Italy to the death of Boccaccio." The following are also in the press: Bodenstedt's "Morning Land, or a Thousand and one Days in the East;" "The Goth and the Hun;" and "The Mamelukes," by Mr. Paton, and Wild's Search for Sir John Franklin.

New and Popular Books.

W. HOLDREDGE,

140 Fulton Street, New York.

HAVING purchased the *Wholesale Book and Publishing Establishment* at the above number, respectfully invites Merchants, Peddlers, Clergymen, Colporteurs, Agents, Clubs, Public and District School Committees, and all others in want of Books or Stationery, cheap, to give him a call.

He will keep constantly on hand a new and fresh stock of Miscellaneous Books and Stationery, comprising all the new, popular, and valuable Works of the day, which will be offered for cash or city acceptance much below the market prices.

Goods ordered not found satisfactory, may be returned in good order, free of charge, and the money paid will be refunded.

Just Published,

Second Edition of Dix's New Work, entitled

A WINTER IN MADEIRA,
AND A SUMMER IN SPAIN AND FLORENCE.
12mo. pp. 380. Price \$1.

"Whoever wishes to gain an ample and reliable fund of information with regard to this island, can scarcely find a more trustworthy guide than the present volume."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

In Two Parts.

With the Life of Bunyan, and Notes by Scott, Mason, and others. The best 12mo. edition published. 400 pp., with four Steel, and fifteen Wood Engravings. Price \$1.25.

ABBOTT'S FIRESIDE SERIES.

FIRESIDE PIETY;

Or, the Duties and Enjoyments of Family Religion.
In Two Parts.

Part I.—"Come to Prayer."

Part II.—"Home Made Happy."

Royal 18mo. 237 pp., with Illuminated Title and Steel Engravings; bound in uniform style with Abbott's Historical Series.

CHINA AND THE ENGLISH;

Or, the Character and Manners of the Chinese, illustrating their intercourse with Foreigners.
With Illuminated Title, Frontispiece, and 20 Engravings.
Royal 18mo. 350 pp.; bound to match Abbott's Historical Series.

GEMS BY THE WAYSIDE;

An Offering of Purity and Truth. By Mrs. L. G. ABELL.
Published by William Holdredge, 140 Fulton street, New York.

"This is a beautiful collection of essays, tales, sketches, and poems, from our best writers, made with great taste and care, and illustrated by fourteen fine steel engravings, among which is a portrait of Jenny Lind, which alone is worth the price asked for the book, especially to those who have never had the pleasure of seeing her."—*Oneida Herald*.

MEDICAL INFORMATION FOR THE MILLION;

Or, The True Guide to Health, on Eclectic and Reformed Principles.

Third Edition, Revised, Corrected, and Enlarged. With-out or with nearly One Hundred fine illustrations.
Price in leather and cloth, \$1.50; paper, \$1. 12mo. 528 pp.

BY CHARLES D. HAMMOND, M.D.

The volume here offered to the public is of a character that gives it a claim to the attention of every intelligent mother in the land; and we are assured on the highest medical authority, that its advice is sensible and salutary, and that its circulation is calculated to do good.

"We regard it as an important work, and doubt not it will find its way into every family of the Union."—*Atlas*.

LETTER AND INVOICE FILE.

Manufactured and for Sale by WILLIAM HOLDREDGE, Publisher, Bookseller, and Stationer, 140 Fulton Street, New York.

"COUNTING-HOUSE CONVENIENCES.—Mr. W. Holdredge, No. 140 Fulton street, New York, has presented us with a new style of Letter File, 'a patented article,' with the form of a book, the size of a cap sheet of paper, and thick enough, we should think, to file two hundred and fifty letters. By this plan, a week's letters may be filed in a few minutes, and are so arranged as to be referred to with the same ease as a posted account on your ledger. The price is only \$1."—*Albany State Register*.

Now Ready.

LIFE: A POEM, IN FOUR BOOKS.

By D. PARISH BARRYDT.

Second edition. 37½ cents.

my3cow ly

THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & CO.,

PHILADELPHIA,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED:

I.

A NEW EDITION OF THE

SPECTATOR.

From the last London Edition. With Sketches of the Lives of the Authors, an Index, Explanatory Notes, Portrait of Addison, and Twelve handsome illustrations. Complete in four handsome 12mo. volumes, to match the Boston Editions of Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay.

II.

MANESCA'S FRENCH GRAMMAR;

Or, the Serial and Oral Method of Teaching Languages.

Adapted to the French. By L. MANESCA.

III.

Serial and Oral Method.

THE FRENCH READER.

Prepared for the use of students who have gone through the Course of Lessons contained in the Method; to which is added a Table of the French Verbs, arranged and classified on a new plan, calculated to facilitate greatly their acquisition. By L. MANESCA.

IN PRESS.

NEW SPANISH AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

IN TWO PARTS.

I. Spanish and English. II. English and Spanish. To which is affixed, a List of usual Christian and proper Names, Names of Countries, Nations, etc. By F. C. MEADOWS, M.A., of the University of Paris.

T. C. & Co. have published this month new and corrected editions of

I.

MITCHELL'S UNIVERSAL ATLAS.

This Atlas is composed of seventy-five imperial quarto sheets, on which are engraved, in the very first style of the graphic art, one hundred and twenty-two Maps, Plans, and Sections. The Maps represent all the known countries on the globe; the PLANS, the most prominent cities in the United States; and the SECTIONAL MAPS, the Vicinities of the chief cities of Europe.

The results of the latest geographical and nautical discoveries are to be found on the Maps, including those of the most recent date by Wilkes, Nicollet, and Fremont. The geography of the different divisions of the Western Hemisphere is exhibited, with a fulness and completeness of detail, not to be found in any other work of the kind hitherto published in this country or elsewhere.

II.

MITCHELL'S LARGE MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

This work is handsomely engraved, and is printed, colored, and mounted in the best manner. It exhibits a correct representation of all the States and Territories of the Union, with their counties, towns, railroads, and other internal improvements; also the principal

stage and common roads, with the distances in miles from place to place. It comprises likewise the results of all the Congressional land surveys in the Western, North-western, and South-western States.

III.

MITCHELL'S LARGE MAP OF THE WORLD.

MOUNTED ON ROLLERS.

The Map of the World is 4½ feet in length and 6½ in width, comprising a surface of about 4000 square inches, and a geographical extent from east to west of 360 degrees of longitude, and from the 81st degree of latitude north, to the 70th degree south. The engraving is clear and distinct, and the printing, coloring, and mounting is done in the best manner.

This work exhibits doubtless the most correct and complete view of the earth in the map form hitherto published in this country; it embraces, as far as the scale permits, the researches of the most distinguished modern explorers both by sea and land; also the sailing

tracks of the principal navigators from the time of Columbus to that of the late American Exploring Expedition commanded by Commodore Wilkes; together with the overland routes of noted travellers from the days of Brown and Park in Africa, in the years 1793-95, to those of Fremont in California and Oregon in our own times.

The projection of the map is on Mercator's plan, by which the true bearing of places, however remote, may be much more easily ascertained than by any globular projection whatever.

IV.

MITCHELL'S NEW TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

New Traveller's Guide through the United States, containing the Principal Cities, Towns, &c., Alphabetically Arranged; together with the Railroad, Stage, Steamboat, and Canal Routes, with the Distances in Miles from Place to Place. Illustrated by an accurate Map of the United States.

This work is similar in design to Mitchell's Traveller's Guide published twelve years since, and more extensively circulated than any book of its class ever printed in this country. The grand feature of the book is the Map of the United States, 26 inches by 30, in which all the routes are accurately delineated, with reference letters on the margin, by which any particular place may be found in a few seconds.

As a book and map of reference, this will be found

extremely convenient, not only for travellers, but counting-houses, hotels, insurance offices, banks, &c. In fact, every gentleman should have a copy constantly lying on his desk for prompt reference. The great merit of the map is the size and distinctness of the lettering, which renders the search for a place a pleasure instead of a painful task, as is the case with most pocket maps. In all respects the new Traveller's Guide is unrivalled.

Littell's Living Age.—No. 377, 12½ Cts.

CONTENTS.

1. Liberia and the Russian Penal Settlements, *Chambers's Papers for the People*.
2. My Wedding Week, *Eliza Cook's Journal*.
3. Liberia, *Chambers's Journal*.
4. Foreign Copyright, *Spectator*.
5. My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life, *Blackwood's Magazine*.
6. Memoirs of Edward Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff, *Examiner*.
7. Mr Thackeray's Fourth Lecture, *Times*.
8. German Cities and German Citizenship, *Westminster Review*.
9. The Business Puff, *Chambers's Journal*.
- FOURTY.—The First Sorrow.
- SHORT ARTICLES.—Kidnaping a T. Lion—Natural Water Purifiers—The King and his Courtiers—Gentlemen—Keep Moving.

Published weekly at Six Dollars a year by E. LITTELL & Co., Boston, and sold by DEWITT & DAVENPORT, Tribune Buildings, New York.

Dr. Dana's "Muck Manual."

New Edition.

The subscriber has in press and will shortly publish, a new, revised, and greatly enlarged edition of

THE FARMER'S MUCK MANUAL.

By DR. SAMUEL DANA.

This edition (the third) has been almost entirely rewritten, much new matter added, and the work brought up to suit the present advanced state of Agricultural science. It will be printed in large 16mo., from clear type, on fine white paper.

Orders from the Trade, &c., solicited.

JAMES P. WALKER,

a22

61 Merrimack st., Lowell, Mass.

GEOGRAFIA, ASTRONOMICA, ARITMÉTICA, MITOLOGIA, Etc.

The subscribers have just received by the Franklin, a large assortment of

PARIS, TOULOUSE, MADRID, BARCELONA, AND BURGOS

EDITIONS OF

SPANISH SCHOOL BOOKS;

Embracing the most popular works in the following branches of Education:

HISTORY, ARITHMETIC, GEOGRAPHY, ASTRONOMY, MYTHOLOGY,
GEOLOGY, CHEMISTRY, RHETORIC, LOGIC, READING BOOKS, &c.

ROE LOCKWOOD & SON, American and Foreign Book Store,

411 BROADWAY.

my31

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
METALLIC PENS FOR
ALL WRITERS!!**

Manufacturer's Warehouse,

No. 91 John Street, New York,

Where a large Stock of these well-known Pens, suitable for every description of writing, may always be found and which are offered to the Trade on liberal terms.

MR. GILLOTT

*Desires to Caution the Public against the
Practices of certain Pretended Manufacturer-
ers of Steel Pens,*

Who, by assuming the style and character of

LABELS,

*with the same Names, Descriptions, and Design-
ating Numbers, as HIS Pens, seek to impose on
buyers!*

OBSERVE!

All Packages or Boxes of JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS have a Fac-simile of his signature on the reverse side.

None others are genuine, and the Public is advised further, that in all cases where his Numbers, and the phraseology of his Labels are adopted by other Parties (with especial reference to his No. 303), the PENS are not made by him, though asserted so to be.

HENRY OWEN,

AGENT.

715tf

STORVILLE A. ROORBACH,

155 Broadway (up stairs), New York,

Would inform the Trade that he receives regularly as issued, the NEW PUBLICATIONS of the following Houses:—Blanchard & Lea; A. Hart; H. E. Baird; Lindsay & Blakiston; J. W. Moore; Lippincott, Grambo & Co; Phillips, Sampson & Co.; Crosby & Nichols; Ticknor, Reed & Fields; Little & Brown; Gould & Lincoln; E. H. Pease & Co., &c. He keeps on hand a supply of all the publications of the houses in Italy, of those not so indicated he keeps their best and most salable Books only. The observation of what is going on in the publishing world, necessary to keep the Bibliotheca Americana "posted up," brings to his notice many valuable Books published not only in the smaller cities, but in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston, that would hardly reach New York unless ordered. Of such of those as he may consider there will be a demand for, moderate supplies will be kept on hand.

Orders from the Trade solicited, and they may rely on the very lowest prices for cash, or cash at the end of each month.

To those Booksellers out of town who may not have direct communication with the publishing houses of this city, he would, as a matter of accommodation, offer such Books at the publisher's lowest cash prices not excepting those of the Barons of Cliff street.

To publishers who issue a Book occasionally only, he would suggest that by sending him a few copies as soon as published they would be introduced to the notice of the Trade, and thereby the sale of the Work promoted. a5tf

**Government Books, Documents,
AND
Official Military Works.**

**TAYLOR & MAURY,
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,
WASHINGTON CITY,**

Can supply any orders for WORKS OF AN OFFICIAL CHARACTER issued at the Seat of Government.

Having been appointed agents for the sale of Military Books published by authority of the War Department, they now offer,

THE U. S. CAVALRY TACTICS. 3 vols. illus. price \$5 (very scarce).

WAYNE'S SWORD EXERCISE. \$1.

THE ORDINANCE MANUAL. \$2.

SCOTT'S INFANTRY TACTICS. \$2 50.

CROSS'S MILITARY LAWS.

INSTRUCTIONS IN FIELD ARTILLERY—Horse

and Foot.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY.

M'COMB'S COURTS MARTIAL.

COOPER'S TACTICS.

ARMY AND NAVY REGISTER.

ARMY REGULATIONS, &c., &c.

* * * TAYLOR & MAURY will be pleased to receive consignments of new publications from any bookelling houses, and would refer to the chief publishers in the large cities.

j21 2m

**McNICOL & CO.'S
EUROPEAN PACKAGE EXPRESS,
38 Wall street, New York,
and 9 Fenwick street, Liverpool.**

PACKAGES ARE MADE UP WEEKLY FOR ALL PARTS OF EUROPE.

Ordinary sample parcels, One Dollar each.

Parties in the United States receiving goods, Parcels, Pictures, Books, or any description of Merchandise from Great Britain, France, &c., are solicited to order shipment through McNicol & Co., Liverpool, who have agents in all the large cities and seaports of Europe.

They also tender their services to Importers in general in this city, in the transaction of all business connected with the Custom House. In entering and clearing every description of Merchandise, and all matters pertaining thereto. From long European and American experience, they are enabled to offer such facilities as will insure the greatest possible despatch. Importers of other cities may rely on their goods being forwarded according to instruction, and when more convenient to make their payments at home, we will draw for the amount of duties, &c., for which only the charge for collection will be added.

The strictest attention will be paid to all business intrusted with us, with the most economical charges, and every satisfaction guaranteed.

je7 6m

McNICOL, 38 Wall street, N. Y.

**JOHN W. ORR,
Engraver & Wood,**

*The Subscriber respectfully informs the public
that he still continues the business of*

WOOD ENGRAVING,

in all its branches, at his old place, 75 NASSAU STREET, where, with his long experience and superior advantages, he is enabled to execute all orders in his line, however large, in a superior style, with the utmost dispatch, and on reasonable terms. His facilities for doing all kinds of work are unsurpassed.

a3tf

J. W. ORR,
75 Nassau st. New York

**Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields,
BOSTON,
HAVE IN PRESS.**

MEMOIRS of the LIFE of SIR JAS. MACKINTOSH

By his Son.

DE QUINCEY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY. From the Spectator.

NEW VOLUME OF POEMS. By Bayard Taylor.

THE NOONING. By James Russell Lowell.

SIR LAUNFAL. By James Russell Lowell. New edition.

MEMOIRS OF THE BUCKMINSTERS. By Mrs. Lee

New edition.

MOTHERWELL'S POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

SAXE'S POEMS. Third edition.

LEIGH HUNT'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.

R. H. STODDARD'S POEMS.

NEW VOLUME OF STORIES AND LETTERS. By

Grace Greenwood.

NEW VOLUME OF STORIES. By Hawthorne.

LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY. By Lord Cockburn.

JUVENILES.

A NEW VOLUME. By Grace Greenwood.

A NEW VOLUME. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

MEMOIRS OF A LONDON DOLL.

TALES FROM CAT LAND.

TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS,

BOSTON.

je7 ewtf

**LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON,
PHILADELPHIA,**

HAVE NEARLY READY FOR PUBLICATION:

THE MICROSCOPIST:

A COMPLETE MANUAL

ON THE USE OF THE MICROSCOPE.

For Physicians, Students, and all Lovers of Natural Science. With Illustrations.

By JOSEPH H. WYTHES, M.D.

RANKING'S

**HALF-YEARLY ABSTRACT OF
THE MEDICAL SCIENCES.**

No. 13, Jan.—June, 1851.

**ELEMENTS OF GENERAL AND
PATHOLOGICAL ANATOMY,**

*Presenting a View of the Present State of
Knowledge in these branches of Science.*

By DAVID CRAIGIE, M.D., F.R.S.E.,

Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c., &c.

Preparing for Early Publication:

BEASLEY'S POCKET FORMULARY, from the last London Edition.

HOLDEN'S MANUAL OF DISSECTION OF THE Human Body upon a New Plan.

BIDDLE'S REVIEW OF MATERIA MEDICA AND Therapeutics.

MEIGS'S VELPEAU'S MIDWIFERY, a new and enlarged edition, with illustrations.

JENNER ON TYPHOID AND TYPHUS FEVERS.

THE PRACTITIONER'S DIARY, ALMANAC, AND Visiting List for 1852.

ly36 tf

Just Published.

NEWMAN'S
FIRST BOOK IN PHYSIOLOGY.INCLUDING
ANATOMY AND THE LAWS OF HYGIENE.
Illustrated by numerous Engravings.By JOHN B. NEWMAN, M.D.,
President of Harrodsburg Female Academy,
Harrodsburg, Ky.

CADY & BURGESS,

60 John street.

New York, March 10, 1851

m154f

A. S. BARNES & CO.'S
LATE PUBLICATIONS.GILLESPIE (Professor Wm. M.) on Roads and Railroads.
1 vol. 8vo. 4th Edition. \$1 50.

"A complete manual for the plank and railroad builder."

Mansfield (Edward D.) on American Education. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1 25.

"A work of great practical value to every intelligent American."

PAGE'S (David) Theory and Practice of Teaching. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1 25.

"It is a grand book; and I thank heaven that you have written it."—Hon. Horace Mann, in a letter to the Author.

COLTON'S (Rev. Walter) Deck and Port; or, Incidents of a Cruise to California. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1 50.

"Every page is full of glowing thoughts, pure morals, and beautiful aphorisms—a book that never will be out of date."

COLTON'S (Rev. Walter) Three Years in California. With numerous illustrations. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1 50.

MANSFIELD'S (Edward D.) History of the Mexican War. 1 vol. 12mo. With maps and engravings. \$1 25.

"The most authentic work published in this country."

MANSFIELD'S (Edward D.) Life of Gen. Winfield Scott. 1 vol. 12mo. With illustrations. \$1 25.

"The reading of this book warms the blood like wine."

DE TOCQUEVILLE (Alexis De) Democracy in America. 1 vol. 8vo. (2 vols. in one), \$2 50.

"No writer, before or since, has made so profound an analysis of our Institutions as De Tocqueville."

DE TOCQUEVILLE (Alexis De) American Institutions. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1 25.

"The profound insight of our democratic Institutions which this essay displays, is the admiration of thinking minds."

LADY WILLOUGHBY: Diary of a Daughter, Wife, and Mother in the Sixteenth Century. 63 cents.

"A most remarkable work, which we read some time ago in the original English shape, with great delight."

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND IMAGINATION: by Frances and Metta Fuller. \$1 50.

"Their gems, fit to sparkle in the most regal tiara that literature has yet won in any part of the American continent."

DR. CHEEVER'S CHRISTIAN MELODIES. 1 volume 12mo. 75 cents.

"A selection of hymns, with tunes, appropriately designed for social and family worship."

BARTLETT'S (Prof. W. H. C.) Natural Philosophy. Vol. 1st. \$3.

"A College Text-Book on Mechanics."

FULTON & EASTMAN'S Book Keeping, by single and double entry. New Edition, 75 cents.

WRIGHT'S (A. D.) Analytical Orthography. 25 cents.

NUTHEND'S (Charles) Dictation Exercises. 20 cents.

COLTON'S (Rev. Walter) Ship and Shore. 1 volume 12mo. \$1 25.

MARTIN (James H.) Orthopist. 38 cents.

PARKER'S (Richard G.) Fourth Reader. 75 cents.

PARKER'S (Richard G.) Rhetorical Reader. 84 cents.

In Press.

COLTON'S (Rev. Walter) Land and Lee.

COLTON'S (Rev. Walter) The Sea and the Sailor.

PARKER'S (Richard G.) 1st, 2d, and 3d Readers.

my34 ff

51 John street, New York.

ENGRAVING

THE Subscriber would inform Authors, Publishers, and Printers, that he still continues to carry on the business of ENGRAVING ON WOOD, in all its branches. His facilities are such that he is enabled to execute all orders promptly, and in every style of the Art, upon the most reasonable terms; while the experience of many years enables him to feel perfect confidence in his efforts to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

N ORR, No. 151 Fulton street,
July 20 3m

New York.

Great Mechanical Work.

Will shortly be published.

THE PRACTICAL MODEL
CALCULATOR

FOR THE

Engineer, Mechanic, Machinist, Manufacturer
of Engine-Work, Naval Architect,
Miner, and Millwright.

By OLIVER BYRNE,]

Civil, Military, and Mechanical Engineer; Compiler and
Editor of the Dictionary of Mechanics, Engine-
Work, and Engineering.

TO BE PUBLISHED IN TWELVE PARTS,

Forming, when completed, one large Volume octavo.

Part I. nearly ready.

This will be one of the best and most practical works on the subjects of which it treats, which has issued from the press. It comprehends practical illustrations, and every variety of arithmetical exemplification of the machinery and processes employed in every art and in every description of manufacture. It is the result of great professional talent, experience, and judgment; indeed, the labor and experience of an active life, devoted to the Mathematical and Mechanical Arts and Sciences, is now presented to the public, and will be found worthy of their support.

From the interest that is attached at the present time to all that pertains to Mechanics and Engineering, we have no doubt but that this work will be considered a valuable aid to the acquirement of practical professional knowledge.

HENRY CAREY BAIRD,

(Successor to E. L. CAREY) PUBLISHER,

j28 ff

PHILADELPHIA.

Comprehensive Summary
OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

Second Edition, in one vol. 12mo. half roan,

Price Fifty Cents.

This Popular School Book comprises an epitome of

HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY,

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, ASTRONOMY,

PHYSIOLOGY, &c., &c.,

on the basis of Historical and Miscellaneous Questions

BY RICHARD MANGNALL.

Adapted to the use of American Schools, and the general reader.

"I have rarely met with a work with which I am so much pleased. In my opinion it ought to be used in every Grammar School in the City and County,—yes, and the United States."

ANSON V. PARSONS,

Judge of Court of Common Pleas for Phila. Co.

RESOLVED.—That the COMPREHENSIVE SUMMARY be introduced as a Class Book in the Public Schools of this District,

ROBERT J. HEMPHILL,

Sec. Board of Controllers First School District

of Pennsylvania,

E. S. JONES & Co., Publishers,

S. W. cor. 4th and Race streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

E. S. J. & Co. will Publish early in July,

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON
MANURES,Compiled from recent Publications of the Society for the
Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in England, and adapted to
the United States.

With Notes by the American editor. j14 2m

WORDSWORTH'S COMPLETE POETICAL
WORKS—NEW EDITION—TROUTMAN &
HAYES, 193 Market street, Philadelphia, publish this
day, a new edition of the Poetical Works of William
Wordsworth, edited by Henry Reed, in one vol. octavo,
illustrated by two fine steel engravings, a Head of
Wordsworth, and a view of Rydal Mount.

This edition contains all the Poems in the latest London editions (including the new Poem entitled the Prelude) and some additional pieces from other sources, and is the most complete edition which has been published.

June 20, 1851.

jy5 3m

THE AMERICAN
COTTON SPINNER'S GUIDE.

Complete in one volume, 252 pages.

JUST PUBLISHED BY

A. HART, PHILADELPHIA.

THE AMERICAN COTTON SPINNER, and Manager and Carder's Guide, a Practical Treatise on Cotton Spinning; giving the Dimensions and Speed of Machinery, Draught and Twist Calculations, &c.; with Notices of recent Improvements. Together with rules and examples for making changes in the size and numbers of looms and yarn. Compiled from the papers of the late Robert H. Baird. Complete in one volume. Price \$1, or in pocket book form, gilt edges, \$1 25.

"This is the name of a new and very useful little work, just issued by A. Hart. It is compiled from the papers of the late Robert H. Baird, well known as an expert cotton spinner, and forms a practical treatise relative to spinning in all its departments and relations."

—North American.

"A very useful volume."—Public Ledger.

"Those engaged in this important branch of useful art, will find this work invaluable in their business."

—Evening Bulletin.

NEW BOOKS FOR MECHANICS AND
MANUFACTURERS.

Just Published by

A. HART (late Carey & Hart), Philadelphia.

THE MOULDER AND FOUNDER'S POCKET
Guide. A complete practical treatise on Moulding and Founding. By Fred. Overman. In one volume, price 25 cts.

THE YEAR BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND
Art, for 1851.—Containing an account of all the important discoveries in Art and Science for the past year. In 1 volume, price \$1.

THE MANUFACTURE OF STEEL, containing the
practice and principle of working and making Steel. By Frederick Overman, Mining Engineer, author of the "Manufacture of Iron," &c. Complete in one volume.

"A valuable and almost indispensable hand book for all workers in steel and iron, such as blacksmiths, cutlers, die sinkers, and manufacturers of various kinds of hardware. The man of science, as well as the artisan, will find much valuable information in Mr. Overman's book."

"We consider it to be an extremely useful book and well worthy the patronage of all interested in iron work."

"It is illustrated by figures explanatory of apparatus and machinery."

—North American. jy12 ff

THE
MERCHANT'S MEMORANDUM
BOOK,

Containing all the

VARIETIES OF GOODS USUALLY KEPT

BY

COUNTRY MERCHANTS;

WITH

Columns for Dates, Quantities, Firms bought of, the
Prices Paid, etc.; so that the amount of each Day's
Purchases may be Summed up at Night.

By LUKE SHORTFIELD.

1 vol. 18mo.

Published by

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.,

14 North Fourth street,

m22 ff

PHILADELPHIA.

LITERARY WORLD.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half Square (nine lines),	\$ 50
One Square (eighteen lines),	1 00
Thirty lines,	1 50
Half Column,	2 75
One Column,	5 00
One Page,	12 50

YEARLY TERMS.

One Square,	\$40 00
Thirty lines,	60 00
One Column,	200 00

THE GREAT HARMONIA. VOL. 2.

B. B. MUSSEY & CO.,

29 CORNHILL, BOSTON,

WILL PUBLISH ON THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

THE GREAT HARMONIA;

BRING A

PHILOSOPHICAL REVELATION OF THE NATURAL, SPIRITUAL, AND
CELESTIAL UNIVERSE.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,

Author of "The Principles of Nature, her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind."

Spontaneous and profound Questions are living representatives of internal Desires, but to obtain and enjoy those pure and beautiful responses, which are intrinsically elevating and eternal, the Inquirer should consult, not superficial and popular authorities, but the everlasting and unchanging teachings of Nature, Reason, and Intuition.

VOLUME 2. THE TEACHER.

CONTENTS.

MY EARLY EXPERIENCE.
MY PREACHER AND HIS CHURCH.
THE TRUE REFORMER.
PHILOSOPHY OF CHARITY.
INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIAL CULTURE.
THE MISSION OF WOMAN.

THE TRUE MARRIAGE.
MORAL FREEDOM.
PHILOSOPHY OF IMMORTALITY.
THE SPIRIT'S DESTINY.
CONCERNING THE DEITY.

B. B. MUSSEY & CO.

Will also Publish, about the middle of August,

The Theory of Human Progression, and Natural Probabilities
of a Reign of Justice.

One Volume 12mo. 600 pages. From the London Edition.

Orders respectfully solicited from the Trade.

jy26 3t

TWENTY-FIRST CINCINNATI TRADE SALE.

TO COMMENCE

On MONDAY, October 13th, 1851.

THE UNDERSIGNED RESPECTFULLY SOLICIT CONSIGNMENTS OF
BOOKS, STEREOTYPE PLATES, BOOKBINDER'S
STOCK, STATIONERY, &c.

To be sold according to former rules and regulations. The Catalogue will be put to press on the 1st day of September, and invoices should be received a few days previous to that time.

Contributors at the East will confer a favor by forwarding their goods early, so that they may be arranged previous to the sale.

Liberal advances made on receipt of goods when required. Refer to the Cincinnati Book Trade.

HAYDEN & HUBBARD,

Trade Sale Rooms, South East corner of Walnut and Fifth streets,

jy26 4t

UP STAIRS.

Carpenter's Comparative Physiology.

BLANCHARD & LEA, PHILADELPHIA,

HAVE NOW READY.

PRINCIPLES OF PHYSIOLOGY,
GENERAL AND COMPARATIVE.

By WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, MD.,

Author of "Principles of Human Physiology," &c., &c.

THIRD EDITION, GREATLY ENLARGED.

In one very handsome 8vo. vol. of nearly 1100 pages.

With 331 beautiful Woodcuts.

This valuable work will supply a want long felt by the scientific public of this country, who have had no accessible treatise to refer to, presenting in an intelligible form a complete and thorough outline of this interesting branch of Natural Science. The high reputation of the author, on both sides of the Atlantic, is a sufficient guarantee for the completeness and accuracy of any work to which his name is prefixed; but this volume comes with the additional recommendation that it is the one on which the author has bestowed the greatest care, and on which he is desirous to rest his reputation. Two years have been devoted to the preparation of this edition, which has been thoroughly remodelled and rewritten; so as, in fact, to constitute a new work. The amount of alterations and additions may be understood from the fact that, of the ten hundred and eighty pages of the volume, but one hundred and fifty belong to the previous edition. It may, therefore, be confidently regarded as a complete exposition of the most advanced state of knowledge in this rapidly progressive branch of science. In mechanical execution and beauty of illustration, it will be found everything that the most fastidious taste could desire.

jy19 1t

REMOVAL.

LEAVITT & COMPANY,
BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS,

No. 12 VESEY STREET,

NEW YORK

(Up stairs), First Building West of the Astor House.

In consequence of the re-building of the store occupied by the undersigned during the last five years, they have removed to the large and convenient store

NO. 12 VESEY STREET,

NEXT DOOR TO THE ASTOR HOUSE,

where, with greatly diminished expenses, and much more commodious Warerooms, they are enabled to serve all their customers and friends promptly and faithfully.

From their great facilities for laying in their stock at the lowest rates, their long experience in business, and their determination not to be undersold, the undersigned feel assured they can give satisfaction to all who are inclined to favor them with orders, far and near, and which will be as promptly answered, and at the same prices, as if the buyers themselves were present.

They beg to assure Country Merchants and the Trade generally, that their assortment of

PICTORIAL, GIFT, SCHOOL, AND
CHILDREN'S BOOKS,

is of the most desirable character, and offers great inducements to purchasers both with respect to quality and price.

Orders for everything in their line of business, respectfully solicited and promptly executed by

LEAVITT & COMPANY,

12 Vesey street.

New York, May 1, 1851.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call on LEAVITT & Co., before purchasing.

jy26 4t

FRUITS OF LEISURE;

OR,

ESSAYS WRITTEN IN THE INTER-
VALS OF BUSINESS.

By the Author of "Friends in Council."

One vol. 12mo. 50 cents.

From the Fourth London Edition.

Contents of the First Part.—On Practical Wisdom—Aids to Contentment—On Self-Discipline—On our Judgments of other Men—On the Exercise of Benevolence—Domestic Rule—Advice—Secrecy.

Second Part.—On the Education of a Man of Business—On the Choice and Management of Agents—On the Treatment of Applicants—Interviews of Councils and Commissions—Party Spirit—Truth.

"These essays are generally adapted to all classes of readers, as suggestive of important truths, and bearing upon the practical conduct of life. They cannot but be useful, and we freely commend them to the attention, especially, of our young men."—*Intelligencer*.

"Full of striking truths and wise counsels, conveyed in an uncommonly compact and transparent style."—*Courier*.

"They have passed through four editions in England, and we hope will be as generally read here."—*Post*.

"They will be found useful guides to those engaged in transactions involving great risks, and requiring to be conducted with consummate prudence."—*Journal*.

"An excellent volume, which every reflecting reader will prize the more he reads it."—*Observer*.

"A delightful volume for summer reading, in those long hours when it is a pleasure to be quiet, cool, and thoughtful."—*Literary Tel*.

"The style is very condensed, and the author has evidently compressed within a hundred and thirty pages, duodecimo, thought enough to have filled a folio, if it had passed through the brains of most of the diffuse writers of the day."—*Commercial*.

"It will be welcomed by many."—*Newark Advertiser*.

"No one but will be the wiser for reading this book. It is a wisdom, too, which will beget hope and comfort—for its highest aim and best success is to remove the discomforts of life, cheer the soul, and smoothe the path to virtue."—*Literary World*.

For 60 cents, remitted in postage stamps or otherwise, a bound copy will be sent through the mail, pre paid, for any distance not exceeding 500 miles; and for 70 cents a copy, to any distance over 500 miles, and not exceeding 1500 miles.

Just published by

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH,

669 BROADWAY,

Opposite Bond st., New York.

jy26 3t

NEW BOOKS IN PRESS,

BY C. G. HENDERSON & CO;

164 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

I. COSTUMES OF EUROPE.
Beautifully embellished with 21 Engravings of original Costumes.
1 volume square 16mo. fine cloth binding.
Plain and Colored Plates.

II. COSTUMES OF AMERICA.
An excellent volume for young people of both sexes, and well calculated to awaken an interest in the history of this continent.
ILLUSTRATED WITH TWENTY-FOUR ENGRAVINGS OF ORIGINAL COSTUMES.
1 vol. square 16mo. cloth, Colored Plates.

III. MAJA'S ALPHABET.
A very beautiful Pictorial Alphabet in Rhyme, with new and original Designs.
By ABSOLOM.
Neatly bound.

IV. THRILLING STORIES OF THE OCEAN.
For the Entertainment and Instruction of the Young.
This is a neat volume of 300 pages, 12mo. with numerous Embellishments. It is written in a familiar, popular style, and is well suited to the Juvenile, Family, or School Library. Cloth binding.

V. CARLO FRANCONI;
An Italian Story, and other Stories for Young People.
Beautifully illustrated with Engravings from original Designs. Square 12mo. cloth binding.
This is a very touching and entertaining story for youth. The scene is laid in England and Italy, and the incidents are of a peculiarly interesting character.

VI. NUT CRACKER AND SUGAR DOLLY.
A Fairy Tale. Translated from the German,
By CHARLES A. DANA.
Sq. 16mo. cloth, and cloth gilt.

The new fairy tale is one of the liveliest, most readable, and most unexceptionable for children which has ever been published.

VII. KRISS KRINGLE'S RHYME-BOOK.
A lively book of Rhymes for Very Little Children, richly embellished with Pictures.
Square 16mo. paper covers, do. do. cloth binding.

VIII. ST. NICHOLAS'S BOOK for 1852.
A highly attractive Gift-Book for all good Boys and Girls. Embellished in a handsome and unique style. Royal 16mo. numerous Engravings.

IX. GUIDE TO PHILADELPHIA.
With all the recent Improvements, &c., with Map.
A New and Corrected Edition.

X. BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.
New Standard Editions, 48mo., 32mo., and 16mo., beautifully printed on the best paper, and handsomely illustrated with numerous Steel Engravings.

XI. THE BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES.
COMPLETE.
One volume 18mo. 232 pages. Illustrated with 46 Engravings. Cloth binding.

XII. A NEW STANDARD FRENCH AND ENGLISH AND ENGLISH AND FRENCH DICTIONARY.
In one vol. 8vo. about 1400 pages.
By A. G. COLLOTT,

Professor of Language and Literature, late Prof. in the University of Oxford, England, and author of a complete Course on the French Study.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & COMPANY,
BOSTON,

Will Publish and have ready for the Trade on the 10th of August,

THE FOLLOWING

ANNUALS AND GIFT BOOKS

FOR THE COMING SEASON:

The Gems of Beauty and Literary Gift.

Edited by EMILY PERCIVAL. 8vo. elegantly illustrated and bound in various styles.

The Souvenir Gallery.

An elegant 4to. volume, with Thirteen Steel Plates—various styles.

The Amaranth; or, Token of Friendship.

A Christmas and New Year Gift. Illustrated with new Steel Engravings. 12mo., morocco.

The Keepsake of Friendship.

A Gift Book for the Coming Season. By G. S. MUNROE. 12mo., illustrated. Morocco.

The Garland; or, Token of Friendship.

A 12mo. Annual for 1852, with fine Engravings. Morocco full gilt.

The Magnolia. An elegant new Gift Volume.

Embellished with Steel Plates and morocco full gilt binding. 12mo.

The Juvenile Keepsake.

Edited by CLARA ARNOLD. With fine Engravings. 16mo.

The Ice King and the Sweet South Wind.

By Mrs. C. H. BUTLER. 16mo., beautifully illustrated.

The Little Messenger Birds; or, Chimes of the Silver Bells.

By MRS. BUTLER. With fine Illustrations. 16mo.

Christmas Roses. A Gift Book for the Young.

With Steel Engravings. 16mo.

Just Published.

E. C. & J. BIDDLE,

No. 6 SOUTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,

Have Just Published:

1. ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: on the plan of the author's "Compendium of English Literature," and supplementary to it. Designed for colleges and advanced classes in schools, as well as for private reading. By Charles D. Cleveland.

This volume comprises biographical sketches, chronologically arranged, of the most prominent English authors who have flourished since the beginning of the present century, and selections from their works: with notes explanatory, illustrative, and directing to the best editions and to various criticisms.

The extensive use of the "Compendium of English Literature" in schools and colleges, throughout the United States, and the high commendation which it has received from the leading periodicals of England, assure the publishers that the present volume, which in its general plan is similar to it, and in the list of authors probably more attractive to readers generally, will meet the favor of those desirous to promote a refined literary taste in the rising generation.

2. HYMNS FOR SCHOOLS, with appropriate selections from Scripture, and tunes suited to the metres of the hymns. Second edition, revised and improved. By Charles D. Cleveland.

This selection is believed to embrace the choicest sacred lyrics of our language; there being one for each day in the year, and additional hymns for special occasions. Each hymn is prefaced by an appropriate Scripture text; and the names of the authors of the hymns are given. The tunes appended are such as have long been favorites with Christians of all denominations, and are easily sung.

The first edition is now in use in many Seminaries of the first rank, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, &c. With the improvements made in this second edition the publishers feel that they may with confidence commend it to teachers, as well adapted to the use for which it is specially designed; and to readers generally, as being a fine selection of sacred lyrics.

The above works may be had of the firms below named, and of booksellers generally:

C. M. SAXTON,
152 Fulton street, New York.
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.,
Washington st., Boston.
H. W. DERBY & CO.,
Cincinnati.
CUSHINGS & BAILEY,
Baltimore.

THE SCALP-HUNTERS.

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA,

Have in press, and will shortly publish.

THE SCALP-HUNTERS;

OR, ROMANTIC ADVENTURES IN
NORTHERN NEW MEXICO.

By T. MAYNE REID.

ALSO,

THE HUMAN BODY AND ITS CONNEXION WITH MAN.

Illustrated by the Principal Organs.

By JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

FIELDS'S SCRAP-BOOK.

NEW EDITION.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS SCRAP-BOOK,

Consisting of Tales and Anecdotes—Biographical, Historical, Patriotic, Moral, Religious, and Sentimental Pieces, in Prose and Poetry.

Compiled by WM. FIELDS.

Second edition, revised and improved.

Beautiful Gift Book for the coming Season.

THE IRIS:

A SOUVENIR FOR 1852.

A super-royal 8vo. Illustrated with original Illuminations, executed in the best style of the Art. Edited by Professor JOHN S. HART, Philadelphia.

The contributions are from the first talent of the country, and entirely original, and the publishers have spared no effort to make this the most attractive and valuable Gift-Book of the season.

THE DEW DROP;

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION FOR 1852.

With 9 splendid Steel Engravings. 12mo. elegant Embossed Morocco.